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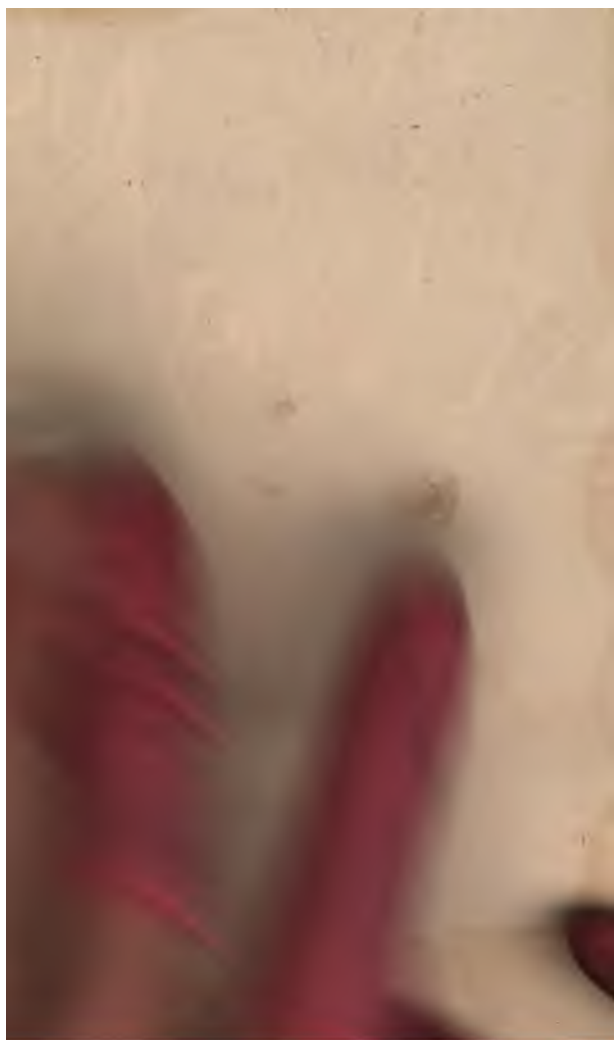


41.

610.



600053599.



A
SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS

ADAPTED FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.



"O GOD, MY HEART IS FIXED: I WILL SING AND GIVE PRAISE."

Ps. cxviii. 1.

NORTHWICH:
PRINTED AND SOLD BY FRANCES CARNES.

1841.

610.

A Course of Psalms and Hymns which may be used throughout the Year.

MORNING SERVICE.				AFTERNOON SERVICE.				EVENING SERVICE.			
Commens-	Before			Commencement	Before	Conclu-		Commencement	Before	Conclu-	
ment.	Sermon.	Communion.			Sermon.	sion			Sermon.	sion.	
Advent.											
1st Sunday	H. 77	Ps. 103.1 v.	H. 78	H. 79	H. 17	H. 73		H. 141	H. 80	H. 1. d.	
2nd "	H. 77	Ps. 119. p. 2.	H. 80	H. 79	Ps. 19. p. 2	H. 1. d.		H. 141	H. 78	H. 3. d.	
3rd "	H. 77	Ps. 67.	H. 18	H. 79	H. 78	H. 4. d.		H. 141	Ps. 87	H. 72	
4th "	H. 77	Ps. 24.	H. 141	H. 79	Ps. 130	H. 72		H. 82	H. 80	H. 72	
Christmas Day.	H. 142	Ps. 116.	H. 16	H. 81	Ps. 57	H. 72		H. 121	H. 121	H. 1. d.	
1st Sunday after	H. 71	Ps. 90. 2 v.	H. 110	H. 116	H. 107	H. 1. d.		H. 75	Ps. 90. 1 v	H. 72	
2nd "	H. 71	Ps. 30. 2 v.	H. 109	P. 95	H. 108	H. 2. d.		Ps. 100. 1 v	H. 145	H. 4. d.	
Epiphany	H. 83	Ps. 9. 2 v.	H. 143	H. 84	Ps. 108	H. 1. d.		H. 83	Ps. 66	H. 3. d.	
1st Sunday after	H. 71	Ps. 1.	H. 139	Ps. 95	H. 131	H. 72		Ps. 100. 2 v	H. 10	H. 2. d.	
2nd "	H. 71	Ps. 92.	H. 134	Ps. 95	H. 1	H. 72		Ps. 100. 2 v	H. 113	H. 2. d.	
3rd "	H. 71	Ps. 105	H. 134	Ps. 95	H. 130	H. 72		Ps. 100. 2 v	H. 119	H. 2. d.	
4th "	H. 73	Ps. 111.	H. 37	Ps. 95	H. 122	H. 72		Ps. 100. 2 v	H. 135	H. 2. d.	
5th "	H. 73	Ps. 148. 1 v.	H. 140	Ps. 95	H. 45	H. 72		Ps. 100. 2 v	H. 53	H. 2. d.	
6th "	H. 73	Ps. 97.	H. 139	Ps. 95	H. 127	H. 1. d.		Ps. 100. 2 v	H. 4	H. 72	
Septuagesima Sunday	H. 74	Ps. 139.	H. 133	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 68	H. 1. d.		Ps. 95	H. 130	H. 72	
Sexagesima Sunday	H. 74	Ps. 106.	H. 14	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 51	H. 1. d.		Ps. 95	H. 70	H. 72	
Quinquagesima Sund.	H. 74	Ps. 63.	H. 132	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 19	H. 4. d.		Ps. 95	H. 65	H. 3. d.	
Ash Wednesday	H. 75	Ps. 51. 2 v.	H. 117	Ps. 100. 1 v.	Ps. 32	H. 4. d.		H. 76	Ps. 13	H. 3. d.	
1st Sunday in Lent.	H. 75	Ps. 130.	H. 5	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 118	H. 4. d.		H. 76	Ps. 51. 1 v	H. 5. d.	
2nd "	H. 75	Ps. 42.	H. 9	Ps. 95	H. 54	H. 4. d.		H. 76	Ps. 25	H. 5. d.	
3rd "	H. 75	Ps. 123.	H. 23	Ps. 95	H. 8	H. 4. d.		H. 76	Ps. 61	H. 5. d.	
4th "	H. 71	Ps. 17.	H. 128	Ps. 95	H. 36	H. 72		H. 112	H. 20	H. 2. d.	
5th "	H. 71	Ps. 90. 1 v.	H. 29	Ps. 95	H. 14	H. 72		Ps. 84. 1 v	H. 120	H. 2. d.	
Sunday before Easter	H. 71	Ps. 119. p. 3.	H. 85	Ps. 95	H. 12	H. 72		H. 112	H. 11	H. 2. d.	
Good Friday	H. 144	Ps. 51. 2 v.	H. 87	Ps. 95	H. 86	H. 72		H. 87	Ps. 117	H. 2. d.	
Easter Day	H. 88	Ps. 136. 2 v.	H. 93	Ps. 95	H. 89	H. 72		H. 88	H. 3	H. 3. d.	
1st Sunday after	H. 71	Ps. 3.	H. 6	H. 111	Ps. 15	H. 1. d.		H. 114	H. 27	H. 3. d.	
2nd "	H. 71	Ps. 31.	H. 40	H. 111	Ps. 23	H. 1. d.		H. 114	Ps. 84. 3 v	H. 3. d.	
3rd "	H. 71	Ps. 72.	H. 136	H. 111	H. 124	H. 1. d.		H. 114	H. 69	H. 3. d.	
4th "	H. 71	Ps. 71.	H. 58	H. 111	Ps. 103. 2 v	H. 1. d.		H. 114			

WILLIAM LLOYD

PSALMS AND HYMNS

for the

Public Worship

of the

Anglican Church

in the United States of America

1811

A Course of Psalms and Hymns which may be used throughout the Year.

	MORNING SERVICE.			AFTERNOON SERVICE.			EVENING SERVICE.		
	Commence- ment.	Before Communion.	Before Sermon.	Commencement	Before Sermon.	Catech- ism.	Commencement	Before Sermon.	Conclu- sion.
Advent.									
1st Sunday	H. 77	Ps. 103.1 v.	H. 78	H. 79	Ps. 17	H. 72	H. 141	H. 80	H. 1. d.
2nd "	H. 77	Ps. 119. p. 2.	H. 80	H. 79	Ps. 19. p. 2	H. 1. d.	H. 141	H. 78	H. 2. d.
3rd "	H. 77	Ps. 67.	H. 18	H. 79	H. 78	H. 1. d.	H. 141	Ps. 87	H. 72
4th "	H. 77	Ps. 24.	H. 141	H. 79	Ps. 130	H. 72	H. 141	H. 80	H. 72
Christmas Day.	H. 142	Ps. 116.	H. 16	H. 81	Ps. 157	H. 72	H. 82	H. 121	H. 1. d.
1st Sunday after	H. 71	Ps. 90. 2 v.	H. 110	H. 116	H. 107	H. 1. d.	H. 75	Ps. 90. 1 v.	H. 72
2nd "	H. 71	Ps. 39. 2 v.	H. 109	Ps. 95	H. 108	H. 2. d.	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 145	H. 4. d.
Epiphany	H. 83	Ps. 9. 2 v.	H. 143	H. 84	Ps. 108	H. 1. d.	H. 83	Ps. 66	H. 3. d.
1st Sunday after	H. 71	Ps. 1.	H. 15	Ps. 95	H. 131	H. 72	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 10	H. 2. d.
2nd "	H. 71	Ps. 92.	H. 139	Ps. 95	H. 1	H. 72	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 113	H. 2. d.
3rd "	H. 71	Ps. 105	H. 134	Ps. 95	H. 130	H. 72	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 119	H. 2. d.
4th "	H. 73	Ps. 111.	H. 37	Ps. 95	H. 122	H. 72	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 135	H. 2. d.
5th "	H. 73	Ps. 148. 1 v.	H. 140	Ps. 95	H. 45	H. 72	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 53	H. 2. d.
6th "	H. 74	Ps. 97.	H. 139	Ps. 95	H. 127	H. 1. d.	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 4	H. 72
Septuagesima Sunday	H. 74	Ps. 139.	H. 133	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 68	H. 1. d.	Ps. 95	H. 130	H. 72
Sexagesima Sunday	H. 74	Ps. 106.	H. 14	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 51	H. 1. d.	Ps. 95	H. 70	H. 72
Quinquagesima Sund.	H. 74	Ps. 63.	H. 132	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 19	H. 4. d.	Ps. 95	H. 65	H. 3. d.
Ash Wednesday	H. 75	Ps. 51. 2 v.	H. 117	Ps. 100. 1 v.	Ps. 32	H. 4. d.	H. 76	Ps. 13	H. 3. d.
1st Sunday in Lent.	H. 75	Ps. 130.	H. 5	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 118	H. 4. d.	H. 76	Ps. 51. 1 v.	H. 5. d.
2nd "	H. 75	Ps. 42.	H. 9	Ps. 95	H. 54	H. 4. d.	H. 76	Ps. 25	H. 5. d.
3rd "	H. 75	Ps. 123.	H. 23	Ps. 95	H. 8	H. 4. d.	H. 76	Ps. 61	H. 5. d.
4th "	H. 71	Ps. 17.	H. 128	Ps. 95	H. 36	H. 72	H. 112	H. 20	H. 2. d.
5th "	H. 71	Ps. 90. 1 v.	H. 29	Ps. 95	H. 14	H. 72	H. 112	Ps. 84. 1 v.	H. 2. d.
Sunday before Easter	H. 71	Ps. 119. p. 3.	H. 85	Ps. 95	H. 12	H. 72	H. 112	H. 120	H. 2. d.
Good Friday	H. 144	Ps. 51. 2 v.	H. 87	Ps. 95	H. 86	H. 72	H. 87	H. 11	H. 2. d.
Easter Day	H. 88	Ps. 136. 2 v.	H. 93	Ps. 95	H. 89	H. 72	H. 89	Ps. 117	H. 2. d.
1st Sunday after	H. 71	Ps. 3.	H. 6	H. 111	Ps. 15	H. 1. d.	H. 114	H. 3	H. 3. d.
2nd "	H. 71	Ps. 31.	H. 40	H. 111	Ps. 23	H. 1. d.	H. 114	H. 27	H. 3. d.
3rd "	H. 71	Ps. 72.	H. 136	H. 111	H. 124	H. 1. d.	H. 114	Ps. 84. 3 v.	H. 3. d.
4th "	H. 71	Ps. 71.	H. 58	H. 111	Ps. 103. 2 v.	H. 1. d.	H. 114	H. 69	H. 3. d.

MORNING SERVICE.				AFTERNOON SERVICE.				EVENING SERVICE.			
	Commence-ment.	Before Communion.	Before Sermon.	Commencement	Before Sermon.	Conclu- sion	Commencement	Before Sermon.	Conclu- sion.		
5th Sunday aft. Easter	H. 71	Ps. 136. 1 v.	H. 55	H. 111	H. 32	H. 4. d.	H. 114	Ps. 77	H. 5. d.		
Ascension Day	H. 90	Ps. 24.	H. 13	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 21	H. 4. d.	H. 115	H. 99	H. 5. d.		
Sunday after	H. 73	Ps. 140.	H. 61	Ps. 100. 1 v.	Ps. 26	H. 4. d.	H. 115	H. 145	H. 5. d.		
Whit Sunday	H. 91	Ps. 34.	H. 95	Ps. 100. 1 v.	Ps. 51. 1 v.	H. 2. d.	H. 115	Ps. 119. 1 p.	H. 72		
Trinity Sunday	H. 94	Ps. 150. 1 v.	H. 15	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 93	H. 2. d.	H. 115	Ps. 117	H. 72		
1st Sunday after	H. 74	Ps. 41.	H. 139	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 113	H. 2. d.	H. 115	Ps. 126	H. 72		
2nd	H. 74	Ps. 112.	H. 83	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 38	H. 2. d.	H. 115	Ps. 84. 2 v.	H. 72		
3rd	H. 74	Ps. 84. 2 v.	H. 44	Ps. 95	H. 39	H. 5. d.	H. 112	H. 123	H. 72		
4th	H. 75	Ps. 146. 1 v.	H. 67	Ps. 95	Ps. 145	H. 5. d.	H. 112	H. 129	H. 72		
5th	H. 75	Ps. 121.	H. 48	Ps. 95	H. 42	H. 5. d.	H. 112	Ps. 46	H. 72		
6th	H. 75	Ps. 104.	H. 47	Ps. 95	H. 57	H. 1. d.	H. 76	H. 2	H. 3. d.		
7th	H. 75	Ps. 36.	H. 59	Ps. 95	H. 62	H. 1. d.	H. 76	H. 137	H. 3. d.		
8th	H. 71	Ps. 5.	H. 46	H. 112	Ps. 6	H. 1. d.	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 63	H. 3. d.		
9th	H. 71	Ps. 65.	H. 43	H. 112	H. 66	H. 1. d.	Ps. 100. 1 v.	Ps. 16	H. 3. d.		
10th	H. 71	Ps. 145.	H. 35	H. 112	H. 35	H. 72	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 52	H. 2. d.		
11th	H. 71	Ps. 146. 2 v.	H. 117	H. 112	H. 60	H. 72	Ps. 100. 1 v.	H. 128	H. 2. d.		
12th	H. 71	Ps. 113.	H. 9	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 121	H. 72	H. 111	H. 11	H. 2. d.		
13th	H. 71	Ps. 18. 2 v.	H. 50	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 7	H. 72	H. 111	Ps. 107	H. 2. d.		
14th	H. 73	Ps. 150. 2 v.	H. 45	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 52	H. 4. d.	H. 111	H. 138	H. 5. d.		
15th	H. 73	Ps. 19. 1 v.	H. 34	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 12	H. 4. d.	H. 111	Ps. 123	H. 5. d.		
16th	H. 73	Ps. 33.	H. 56	Ps. 95	H. 64	H. 4. d.	H. 116	H. 24	H. 72		
17th	H. 74	Ps. 106.	H. 17	Ps. 95	H. 30	H. 4. d.	H. 116	H. 49	H. 72		
18th	H. 74	Ps. 18. 1 v.	H. 4	Ps. 95	H. 16	H. 2. d.	H. 116	H. 125	H. 72		
19th	H. 71	Ps. 148. 2 v.	H. 118	Ps. 95	H. 31	H. 2. d.	H. 116	Ps. 93	H. 72		
20th	H. 74	Ps. 39. 2 v.	H. 20	Ps. 95	H. 31	H. 2. d.	H. 116	Ps. 34	H. 72		
21st	H. 71	Ps. 91.	H. 69	H. 111	Ps. 67	H. 2. d.	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 67	H. 72		
22nd	H. 71	Ps. 9. 1 v.	H. 32	H. 111	H. 41	H. 5. d.	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 25	H. 4. d.		
23rd	H. 71	Ps. 119. 1 p.	H. 26	H. 111	Ps. 121	H. 5. d.	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 53	H. 4. d.		
24th	H. 71	Ps. 57.	H. 65	H. 111	Ps. 42	H. 5. d.	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 28	H. 4. d.		
25th	H. 71	Ps. 149.	H. 126	H. 111	Ps. 39. 1 v.	H. 5. d.	Ps. 100. 2 v.	H. 1	H. 4. d.		

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PSALMS.

PSALM 1. *new v. c. m.*

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk :

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend,
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM 3. *L. M.*

O GOD ! how constant is thy love !
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping hours !
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And strengthens nature's wearied pow'rs.
- 3 Those pow'rs we yield to thy command ;
To thee we consecrate our days :
Perpetual blessings from thy hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM 5. C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high :
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
- 4 O may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness !
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PSALM 8. *new v.* C. M.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight,
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebl' light;

4 What's man, O Lord, that thou shouldst love
 To keep him in thy mind? [prove
 Man's offspring what, that thou should'st
 To them so wondrous kind?

5 O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world, how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy Name!

PSALM 9. *old v.* C. M.

I WILL be glad and much rejoice,
 In thee, O God, most High:
 And make my songs extol thy name,
 Above the starry sky.

2 With heart and mouth unto the Lord,
 Will I sing, laud, and praise ;
 And speak of all his wondrous works,
 And them declare always.

3 He is protector of the poor,
 What time they be opprest ;
 He is in all adversity,
 Their refuge and their rest.

4 All they that know thy holy Name,
 Therefore shall trust in thee ;
 For thou forsakest not their suit
 In their necessity.

PSALM 9. *new v. c. m.*

TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare ;
 To all the list'ning world, thy works,
 Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 God is a constant sure defence
 Against oppressing rage :
 As troubles rise, his needful aids
 In our behalf engage.

3 All those who have thy goodness prov'd,
 Will in thy truth confide ;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man,
 That on thy help relied.

- 4 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion his abode,
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM 13. *new v.* C. M.

- H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
 Must I for ever mourn?
 How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
 Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
 And grief my heart oppress ?
 How long my enemies insult,
 And I have no redress ?
- 3 O hear, and to my longing eyes
 Restore thy wonted light ;
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep
 In everlasting night.
- 4 Since I have always plac'd my trust
 Beneath thy mercy's wing,
 Thy saving health will come, and then
 My heart with joy shall spring :
- 5 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
 To thee, my God, ascend ;
 Who to thy servant in distress
 Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM 15. c. m.

LORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy best courts repair ?
 Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there ?

- 2 The man who walks in pious ways,
 And works with righteous hands,
 Who trusts his Maker's promises,
 And follows his commands :
- 3 Who speaks the meaning of his heart,
 Nor slanders with his tongue ;
 Will scarce believe an ill report,
 Nor do his neighbour wrong ;
- 4 Who, vice in all its pomp and pow'r,
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Whose hands disdain a golden bribe,
 And never gripe the poor :—
 This man, when earth's foundations shake,
 Shall stand with God secure.

PSALM 16. *new v.* c. m.

MY lot is fall'n in that blest land,
 Where God is truly known ;
 He fills my cup with lib'ral hand,
 'Tis he supports my throne.

- 2 In nature's most delightful scene
 My happy portion lies,
 The place of my appointed reign
 All other land outvies.
- 3 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
 Whose precepts give me light,
 And private counsel still afford,
 In sorrow's dismal night.
- 4 I strive each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye ;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.
- 5 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice ;
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 6 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free ;
 Nor let thy holy one in death
 The least corruption see.
- 7 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 Which to thy presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

PSALM 17. L. M.

WHAT sinners value I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;

- Enough to hope for realms above,
 And triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go
 Hath joys substantial and sincere.
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God :
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's awful sound :
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my saviour's image rise.

PSALM 18. *old r. c. m.*

- O** GOD, my strength and fortitude.
 Of force I must love thee ;
 Thou art my castle and defence,
 In my necessity.
- 2 My God, my rock in whom I trust,
 The worker of my wealth ;
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
 The horn of all my health.
- 3 The Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens high,
 And underneath his feet he cast
 The darkness of the sky.

- 4 On cherubs and on cherubims
 Full royally he rode
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

PSALM 18. *new v.* L. M.

- N**O change of time shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence, to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ?
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes, abroad ;
 At home, my safeguard and my tow'r.
- 3 To thee I'll still address my prayer,
 (To whom all prayer we justly owe)
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM 19. *part 1.* L. M.

- T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.

- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his creator's pow'r display,
And publishes, to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM 19. *part 2.* c. m.

GOD'S perfect law converts the soul.
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

- 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
 And bring sincere delight ;
 His pure commands in search of truth
 Assist the feeblest sight.
- 3 But what frail man observes how oft
 He does from virtue fall ?
 O cleanse me from my secret faults,
 Thou God that know'st them all.
- 4 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
 Dominion have o'er me ;
 That by thy grace preserv'd, I may
 The great transgression flee.
- 5 So shall my prayer and praises be
 With thy acceptance blest ;
 And I, secure on thy defence,
 My strength and Saviour ! rest.

PSALM 23. *new v.* P. M.

- T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring, steps he leads,

Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in the path of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall feel no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though, in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd
And streams shall murmur all around.

PSALM 24. *new v. c. m.*

ERECT your heads, eternal gates !
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory, see, he comes
With his celestial train.

- 2 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord for strength renown'd ;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

- 3 Erect your heads, ye gates ! unfold
In state to entertain
The King of Glory, see, he comes
With all his shining train.

- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
 The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
 Of glory he alone is King,
 Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM 25. *new v.* S. M.

- T**O God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice ;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 2 To me thy truth impart,
 And lead me in the way ;
 For thou art He that brings me help ;
 On thee I wait all day.
- 3 Thy mercies and thy love,
 O Lord ! recal to mind ;
 And graciously continue still
 As thou wert ever, kind.
- 4 Let all my youthful crimes
 Be blotted out by thee :
 And for thy wondrous goodness' sake
 In mercy think on me.

PSALM 26. C. M.

- T**RY us, O God ! and search the ground
 Of every sinful heart ;
 Whate'er of guilt in us is found,
 O bid it all depart.

- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
 Send down thy heav'nly grace,
 To guide our feet into the way
 Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
 Each others cross to bear ;
 Let each his friendly aid afford,
 And feel another's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
 Our little stock improve ;
 Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
 And perfect us in love.

PSALM 31. *new v. s. m.*

- D**EFEND me, Lord ! from shame,
 For still I trust in thee ;
 As just and righteous is thy name,
 From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
 And speedy succour send ;
 Do thou my stedfast rock appear,
 To shelter and defend.
- 3 Whate'er events betide,
 Thy wisdom times them all ;
 Then, Lord ! thy servant safely hide,
 From those that seek his fall.

- 4 The brightness of thy face
 To me, O Lord! disclose;
 And as thy mercies still increase,
 Preserve me from my foes.
- 5 Ye that on God rely
 Courageously proceed;
 For he will still your hearts supply
 With strength in time of need.

PSALM 32. *new v.* L. M.

- H**E'S blest whose sins have pardon gain'd
 No more in judgment to appear;
 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
 And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
 The guilt that tortured me within,
 But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
 And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 3 True penitents shall thus succeed,
 Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be
 found;
 They, from the common deluge freed,
 Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
- 4 Thy favour, Lord! in all distress,
 My tow'r of refuge I must own;
 Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
 And me with wings of triumph crown.

PSALM 33. *new v. c. m.*

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise ;
 For well the righteous it becomes,
 To sing glad songs of praise.

2 How faithful is the word of God ;
 His works with truth abound ;
 He justice loves, and all the earth
 Is with his goodness crown'd.

3 By his almighty word at first,
 The heav'nly arch was rear'd ;
 And all the beauteous hosts of light
 At his command appear'd.

4 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
 Before him trembling stand ;
 For when he spake the word, 'twas made
 'Twas fix'd at his command.

PSALM 34. *new v. c. m.*

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy ;
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

2 O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name ;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

- 3 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd,
 Who look'd to him for aid :
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face
 A cheerful air display'd.
- 4 O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How bless'd they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

PSALM 36. *new v.* L. M.

- O** LORD, thy mercy (my sure hope)
 The highest orb of heav'n transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 2 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust !
- 3 Such guests shall to thy courts be led
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from a fountain head,
 Of joy that shall for ever last.
- 4 With thee the springs of life remain,
 Thy presence is eternal day ;
 O let the saints thy favour gain !
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM 37. *new r. P. M.*

THE good man's way is God's delight ;
 He orders all the steps aright
 Of him that moves by his command ;
 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,
 For God upholds him with his hand.

2 From my first youth, till age prevail'd,
 I never saw the righteous fail'd,
 Or want o'ertake his num'rous race ;
 Because compassion fill'd his heart,
 And he did cheerfully impart,
 God made his offspring's wealth increase.

3 The upright shall possess the land,
 His portion shall for ages stand ;
 His mouth with wisdom is suppli'd,
 His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
 His heart the law of God approves,
 Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PSALM 39. *first v. P. M.*

(LET me, heav'nly Lord, extend
 My view to life's approaching end ;
 Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
 How soon my fabric shall return
 To earth, and in the silent tomb
 Its seat of lasting rest assume.

- 2 What are my days ! (a span their line)
 And what my age compar'd with thine !
 Our life advancing to its close,
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows ;
 Swift, like a fleeting shade, we run,
 And vanity and man are one.
- 3 God of my fathers ! here, as they,
 I walk the pilgrim of a day,
 A transient guest ; thy works admire,
 And instant to my home retire :
 Where shall I then my refuge see ?
 On whom repose my hope, but Thee ?
- 4 Before thy throne my knees I bend ;
 To thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend :
 "O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare ;
 "My strength renew, my heart prepare,
 "Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
 "I perish, and am seen no more."

PSALM 39. *second v.* L. M.

- A**LMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days
 To know how poor and weak I am,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
 A passing shade my life appears :
 Frail at the best is dying man,
 A cypher seem his utmost years.

- 3 His schemes of worldly bliss how vain !
 What fruitless cares distract his mind !
 He heaps up wealth with toil and pain,
 Then dies and leaves it all behind.
- 4 O ! be a nobler portion mine,
 Which moth nor rust can ne'er decay !
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign
 For joys which none can take away.

PSALM 41. P. M.

- B**EST who with gen'rous pity glows,
 Who learns to feel another's woes,
 Bows to the poor man's wants his ear,
 And wipes the helpless orphan's tear ;
 In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
 Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.
- 2 Thy love his life shall guard ; thy hand
 Give to his lot the chosen land ;
 Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
 To unrelenting foes a prey ;
 In sickness thou shalt raise his head,
 And turn with tend'rest care his bed.
- 3 O thankful bless th' Almighty Lord,
 The God by Jacob's sons ador'd ;
 His fame, ere time its course began,
 O'er heaven's wide region echoing ran ;
 To him through endless ages raise
 One song of oft repeated praise.

PSALM 42. *new v. C. M.*

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase ;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul does pine ;
 Oh ! when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine.

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, and he'll employ
 His aid for thee ; and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

4 When thy blest presence, Lord of Life,
 Has once dispell'd the storm ;
 To thee I'll joyous anthems sing,
 And all my vows perform.

PSALM 46. *new v. P. M.*

GOD is our refuge in distress,
 A present help when dangers press ;
 In him undaunted we'll confide :
 Though earth were from her centre tost,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

- 2 A gentle stream, with gladness still,
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high :
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs,
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 3 Submit to God's almighty sway,
 For him the heathen shall obey,
 And earth her sov'reign Lord confess :
 The God of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 As to our fathers, in distress.

PSALM 51. *first v.* L. M.

- O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look ;
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin :
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;
 Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford :
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 51. *second v.* C. M.

- O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down the separating wall
That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the comfort of thy grace,
That my rejoicing tongue
May speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats or heifers slain
For sin could e'er atone ;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul, opprest with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 57. L. M.

- O** GOD ! my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent
It's thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

- 2 Awake, my glory, harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM 69. C. M.

- H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure is their defence ;
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 From all my griefs and fears, O Lord,
Thy mercy sets me free ;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer,
My heart takes hold of thee.
- 3 In midst of dangers, straits, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

- 4 My life, while thou preserves't my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And, oh ! may death, when death shall come,
 Unite my soul to thee.

PSALM 61. S. M.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief,
 My heart within me dies ;
 Helpless, and far from all relief,
 To heav'n I lift my eyes.

- 2 O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head ;
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

- 4 O give to me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name :
 If endless life be their reward,
 Let me possess the same.

PSALM 65. *new v.* L. M.

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat ;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.

- 2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r,
 Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins (though numberless) in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And wasthest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives !
 Whilst we at humbler distance taste
 The vast delights thy temple gives.

PSALM 66. *new v. c. m.*

- L**ET all the lands with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise ;
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.
- 2 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou !
 To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 3 Through all the earth, the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess ;
 And with glad hymns their awful dread
 At thy great name express.

- 4 O come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wondrous judgments shewn.

PSALM 67. *new v. s. m.*

TO bless thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

- 2 That so thy wondrous way
 May through the world be known ;
 While distant lands their tribute pay,
 And thy salvation own.

- 3 Let diff'ring nations join
 To celebrate thy fame ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise thy glorious name.

- 4 O let them shout and sing,
 With joy and pious mirth,
 For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM 71. *c. m.*

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
 My rising soul surveys ;
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumber'd blessings to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd ;
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those blessings flow'd.
- 3 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And, when in sins and sorrow sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 4 Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew.
- 5 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyous song I'll raise :
 But oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter half thy praise.

PSALM 72. C. M.

GOD my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near :
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair.

- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through this dark wilderness ;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.

- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me ;
 And while this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint !
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

PSALM 77. C. M.

- T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd the night with fear.
- 2 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
 Which I enjoy'd before ;
 And will the Lord no more be kind ?
 His face appear no more ?
- 3 Will he for ever cast me off ?
 His promise ever fail ?
 Has he forgot his tender love ?
 Shall anger still prevail ?
- 4 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
 This dark despairing frame,
 Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
 Thy hand is still the same.

PSALM 84. *old v.* c. m.

HOW pleasant is thy dwelling place,
 O Lord of Hosts, to me !
 The tabernacles of thy grace,
 How pleasant, Lord, they be ?

- 2 My soul doth long full sore to go
 Into thy courts abroad ;
 My heart and flesh cry out also
 For thee the living God.
- 3 The sparrows find a room to rest,
 And save themselves from wrong ;
 The swallow also has her nest,
 Wherein to keep her young.
- 4 These birds full nigh thy altar may
 Have place to sit and sing ;
 O Lord of Hosts, thou art alway
 My only God and King.

PSALM 84. *new v.* c. m.

O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place
 Where thou enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face !

- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode :
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

- 3 The birds more happy far than I,
 Around thine altar throng ;
 Securely there they build, and there
 Securely rear their young.
- 4 O Lord of Hosts ! my King and God !
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !

PSALM 84. *second v. s. m.*

HOW fair thy dwelling place,
 O Lord of Hosts, how fair !
 We love to tread its sacred courts,
 And meet thy presence there.

- 2 The sparrow finds a place,
 The swallow builds her nest,
 And, shelt'ring safe their infant cares,
 Amidst thine altars rest.
- 3 Blest they, who round thy throne
 Their cheerful voices raise !
 They see thy face, thy glory see ;
 And all their work is praise.
- 4 Blest they, who here below
 Within thy courts abide !
 One day within thy courts exceeds
 A thousand days beside.

- 5 Thou, Lord, our Sun and Shield,
 Wilt grace and glory give :
 And no good thing withhold from those,
 Who in thy statutes live.

PSALM 84. *third v.* P. M.

LORD of the worlds above !
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are ;
 To thine abode
 Our hearts aspire,
 With warm desire,
 To meet our God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still :—
 Thrice happy they,
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Thro' this dark vale of tears ;
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears :—

To that blest seat,
 O God our King,
 Direct and bring
 Our willing feet.

PSALM 87. P. M.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He whose word can ne'er be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode ;
 On the Rock of ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou art safe from all thy foes.

2 Here the stream of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Flows to cheer thy sons and daughters,
 And all dread of want remove :
 None can faint where such a river
 Freely flows, their thirst t' assuage,
 Blessings, which, like God their giver,
 Never fail from age to age.

3 Saviour ! if in Zion's city,
 Thou record our worthless name ;
 Let the world deride or pity,
 We may well endure the shame :

Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show ;
 Solid joy and lasting treasure,
 None but Zion's children know.

PSALM 90. *new v.* c. m.

THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made ;
 And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
 'Tis instantly obey'd.

2 For in thy sight a thousand years
 Are like a day that's past,
 Or like a watch in dead of night,
 Whose hours unminded waste.

3 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
 We vanish hence like dreams :
 At first we grow like grass that feels
 The sun's reviving beams :

4 But howsoever fresh and fair
 Its morning beauty shows ;
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,
 Before the ev'ning close.

PSALM 90. *second v.* c. m.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.
- 3 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an ev'ning gone ;
 Short as the watch that ends the night,
 Before the rising sun.
- 4 So teach us to compute our days,
 And so our hearts apply,
 That safely we, through wisdom's ways,
 May reach eternity.

PSALM 91. *new v.* P. M.

HE that hath God his guardian made,
 Shall under his almighty shade
 Secure and undisturb'd abide ;
 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
 He is my fortress and my stay,
 My God in whom I will confide.

- 2 His tender love and watchful care
 Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
 And from the noisome pestilence ;
 He over thee his wings shall spread,
 And cover thy unguarded head ;
 His truth shall be thy strong defence.

- 3 Whoe'er with well-plac'd confidence,
 Jehovah makes his sure defence,
 And on the Highest doth rely ;
 "Because he loves and honours me,
 Therefore," saith God, "I'll set him free,
 And fix his glorious throne on high."

PSALM 92. *new v. c. m.*

- H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high ;
 And with repeated hymns of praise,
 His name to magnify ;
- 2 With every morning's early dawn
 His goodness to relate ;
 And of his constant truth each night,
 The glad effects repeat !
- 3 To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
 With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
 And to the harp with solemn sounds,
 For sacred use design'd.
- 4 For thro' thy wondrous works, O Lord,
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
 And shout with cheerful voice.

PSALM 93. *L. M.*

- W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,

- The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 95. *new v.* L. M.

- O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.
- 3 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

- 4 For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King, superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

PSALM 97. *new v.* L. M.

- J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.
- 2 Darkness and clouds of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd, by his pavilion wait.
- 3 Devouring fire, before his face,
His foes around with vengeance struck ;
His light'nings set the world on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.
- 4 The proudest hills his presence felt,
Their height nor strength could help afford ;
The proudest hills like wax did melt
In presence of th' Almighty Lord.

PSALM 100. *old v.* L. M.

- A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless, his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM 100. *second v.* L. M.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM 103. *first v.* s. m.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name
 Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave ;
 He that redeem'd my soul from hell
 Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

5 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

PSALM 103. *second v.* L. M.

MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless ;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.

2 The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

3 God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 And loves his punishments to guide,
 More by his love than our desert.

4 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far has he our sins remov'd,
 Who with a father's tender breast,
 Has such as fear him always lov'd.

PSALM 104. P. M.

BLESS God, O my soul,
 Rejoice in his name ;
 O Lord, let my voice
 Thy greatness proclaim !
 Surpassing in honour,
 Dominion and might :
 Thy throne is the heaven,
 Thy robe is the light.

- 2 The sky we behold,
 A curtain display'd ;
 The chambers of heaven
 On waters are laid :
 The clouds are a chariot
 Thy glory to bear ;
 On wings thou art wafted,
 Thou ridest on air.
- 3 Thy will and thy word
 Give all creatures breath,
 Consum'd by thy blast,
 They shrink into death :
 Restor'd at thy pleasure,
 New beings repair
 To people the waters,
 The earth, and the air.
- 4 Then Lord, let me sing,
 Thy glory to raise,
 Delightful the strain,
 When tun'd to thy praise ;
 The vile have their suff'rings,
 The just their reward :
 Bless God, O my spirit,
 O praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 105. *new v.* C. M.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name :

- Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse :
Make them the theme of your discourse,
The subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty name
Alone to be ador'd :
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

PSALM 106. *new v.* L. M.

- O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love ;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express !
Not only vast but numberless !
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise.
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray ;
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practice what they know.

- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.

PSALM 107. P. M.

Chorus.

- O** PRAISE the Lord ! to God above,
 The author of eternal love,
 Eternal praises sing ;
 Sing with your *hearts* his boundless praise
 With loud applause your *voices* raise,
 To praise th' Eternal King.

Semi-Chorus.

- 2 Oh ! ye redeemed of the Lord,
 Speak ye his praise with full accord,
 To sin no longer sold ;
 Now guided by his gracious hand,
 Now led from every distant land,
 And brought within his fold.

Semi-chorus.

- 3 The weary wanderer in the way,
 The prisoner denied the day,
 O Lord shall wait on thee ;
 'Tis thine the weary to restore,
 He hungers and he thirsts no more,
 The captive exile's free.

Full Chorus.

- 4 Exalt his name, "declare" his praise,
 His knowledge and his wondrous ways,
 And of his mercy tell :
 Yes ! sons of men, by day, by night,
 Extol his wisdom, goodness, might :—
 The pealing anthem swell ?

Semi-chorus.

- 5 (Ye who in winged ships abide,
 Which on the boiling billows ride,
 And o'er the ocean sweep ;
 Speak ! for ye see, each passing hour,
 The glorious workings of his pow'r,
 "His Wonders in the deep.")

Semi-chorus.

- 6 "He speaks the word"—the winds arise,
 Th' uplifted waves assault the skies,
 Obedient to his will.
 "He speaks the word,"—the foaming tide,
 The winds, at his rebuke, subside,
 The raging waves are still.

Full Chorus repeated.

- 7 O laud his name, "declare" his praise,
 His knowledge and his wondrous ways ;
 And of "his mercy" tell ;
 Ye sons of men, by day, by night,
 Extol his wisdom, goodness, might :
 The "pealing anthem swell,"

PSALM 108. *new v. c. m.*

O GOD, my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name ;
 My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute ! nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay ;
 While I, with early hymns of joy,
 Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 Thy wonders I will tell ;
 And to those nations sing thy praise,
 That round about us dwell.

4 Be thou, O God, exalted high
 Above the starry frame ;
 And let the earth, with one consent,
 Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM 111. *new v. l. m.*

PRAISE ye the Lord ? our God to praise
 My soul her utmost powers shall raise,
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

2 His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim ;
 His truth, confirmed through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.

- 3 By precept he has us enjoined
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
- 4 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin.
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

PSALM 112. *new v. L. M.*

- T**HAT man is blest, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law :
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An unexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
 - 3 His lib'ral favours he extends ;
To some he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
 - 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

PSALM 113. *new v.* P. M.

- Y**E saints and servants of the Lord !
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 God through the world extends his sway :
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are :
 With Him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.
- 3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heav'n what angels do,
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :
 He takes the needy from his cell,
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,
 Companions to the greatest there.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When earth and heav'n shall be no more.

PSALM 116. L. M.

- I**N glad amazement, Lord, I stand
 Amid the bounties of thy hand ;
 How numberless those bounties are,
 How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But oh ! what poor returns I make,
 What lifeless thanks I pay Thee back ;
 Lord, I confess, with humble shame,
 My off'rings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise,
 To bring some worthier sacrifice,
 But sinks beneath the mighty load ;
 What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 Lord, to thy board I'll go, and there
 The cup of thy salvation share ;
 Pour from my grateful heart thy praise,
 And bow the remnant of my days.

PSALM 117. L. M.

- F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM 119. c. m.

- O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 O that my God would grant me grace,
 To know and do his will !
- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord !
 But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 And though my feet have gone astray,
 Have wander'd far and wide ;
 Yet since I seek thy heav'nly way,
 Oh ! deign my steps to guide.
- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road !
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM 119. *part 2. new v.* c. m.

- I** NSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
 Thy righteous paths display ;
 And I from them, through all my life
 Will never go astray.

- 2 If thou true wisdom from above
 Wilt graciously impart ;
 To keep thy perfect laws I will
 Devote my zealous heart.
- 3 Direct me in thy sacred ways
 To which thy precepts lead ;
 Because my chief delight has been
 Thy righteous paths to tread.
- 4 Do thou to thy most just commands
 Incline my willing heart ;
 Let no desire of worldly wealth
 From thee my thoughts divert.

PSALM 119. *part 3. c. m.*

- T**IS good for us, O gracious Lord !
 To feel thy chast'ning rod :
 Afflictions make us learn thy law,
 And bring us home to God.
- 2 Had not thy word been our delight,
 When earthly joys were fled,
 Our souls, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk among the dead.
- 3 We know thy judgments are all right,
 Though some may seem severe ;
 The heaviest suff'rings we endure,
 Flow from thy love and care.

- 4 Before we felt thy chast'ning rod
 Our feet were wont to stray ;
 But now we keep thy holy word,
 And love to tread thy way.

PSALM 121. *new v. c. m.*

TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
 From thence expecting aid ;
 From Sion's King, and Sion's God,
 Who heaven and earth has made.

- 2 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest ;
 Thy Guardian will not sleep ;
 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
 Will all his servants keep.
- 3 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,
 Thou shalt securely rest ;
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 By day or night molest.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall thee defend ;
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
 Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 123. *sevens.*

LORD, before thy throne we bend,
 Lord, to thee our eyes ascend ;
 Servants to our Master true,
 Lo, we yield the homage due ;

Children, to our Sire we fly,
Abba, Father, hear our cry.

- 2 To the dust our knees we bow,
We are weak, but mighty thou ;
Sore distress'd, yet suppliant still,
We await thy holy will ;
Bound to earth and rooted here,
Till our Saviour God appear.
- 3 From the heav'ns, thy dwelling place,
Shed, O shed, thy pard'ning grace ;
Leave us not beneath the pow'r
Of temptation's dang'rous hour ;
Jesus, Saviour, yet be nigh,
Lord of life and victory.

PSALM 130. *new v.* S. M.

- F**ROM lowest depths of woe
To God I send my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.
 - 3 My soul with patience waits
For thee the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

- 4 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray ;
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.

PSALM 136. *new v.* P. M.

TO God, the mighty Lord,
 Your joyful thanks repeat ;
 To him due praise afford,
 As good as he is great :
 For God does prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

- 2 To him whose wondrous pow'r
 All other gods obey,
 Whom earthly kings adore,
 This grateful homage pay.
 For God, &c.

- 3 By his almighty hand
 Amazing works are wrought ;
 The heav'ns, by his command,
 Were to perfection brought.
 For God, &c.

- 4 He, in our depth of woes,
 On us with favour thought ;
 And from our cruel foes
 Our peace and safety brought.
 For God, &c.

- 5 He does the food supply,
 On which all creatures live ;
 To God, who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give.
 For God will prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

PSALM 136. *new v.* L. M.

- G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong ;
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
 The King of kings with glory crown :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When earthly thrones are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high :
 Wonders of grace to God belong :
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave :

Wonders of grace to God belong :
Repeat his mercies in your song.

PSALM 139. *new v.* L. M.

THOU, Lord ! by strictest search hast
known

My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee ;
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

- 2 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting Thee,
Where Lord ! could I thine influence shun
Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 3 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
Thou dwellest there, enthron'd in light ;
If down to hell's infernal shades,
Eternal vengeance there pervades.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night ;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st thy way
As in the blazing noon of day.

- 6 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart
 If mischief lurks in any part ;
 Correct me where I go astray,
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 143. *new v.* C. M.

LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
 Thy wonted audience lend ;
 In thy accustom'd faith and truth
 A gracious answer send.

- 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
 Thy servant to be tried ;
 For in thy sight no living man
 Can e'er be justified.

- 3 To thee my hands in humble prayer
 I fervently stretch out ;
 My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 Like land oppress'd with drought.

- 4 Thy kindness early let me hear
 Whose trust on thee depends ;
 Teach me the way where I should go ;
 My soul to thee ascends.

- 5 O ! for the sake of thy great name,
 Revive my drooping heart ;
 For thy truth's sake, to me, distress'd,
 Thy promis'd aid impart.

PSALM 145. P. M.

PRAISE the Lord whose mighty wonders
 Earth, and air, and seas display ;
 Him, who high in tempests thunders,
 Him, whom countless worlds obey :
 In the eastern skies ascending,
 Praise him, glorious orb of day !
 Ocean, round the globe extending,
 Praise him o'er thy boundless way !
 2 Pines, that crown the lofty mountains,
 Bow, in sign of worship, low !
 All ye sacred springs and fountains,
 Warble praises as ye flow !
 Beasts, through nature's drear dominions,
 Praise him where the wilds extend !
 Praise, him, birds ! whose sounding pinions
 Up to heaven's gate ascend.
 3 Man below, the lord of nature,
 Angel choirs in realms above,
 Hymning, praise the great Creator ;
 Praise th' eternal Fount of Love !
 Teach us, Lord, to sing thy glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

PSALM 146. *first v.* L. M.

GOD of my life ! through all its days
 My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise

The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And warble to the silent night.

- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And worldly griefs perplex my breast,
Thy praises shall my tongue employ,
And turn my sorrows into joy.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But oh ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies.

PSALM 146. *second v.* P. M.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train ;
He saves th' oppress'd ; He feeds the poor ;
His truth for ever stands secure,
And none shall find his promise vain.

- 2 The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind ;
The Lord relieves the guilty mind ;
The Lord vouchsafes the mourner peace ;

He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless ;
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

- 3 We'll praise him while he gives us breath,
 And when our voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ our nobler powers :
 Our day of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM 148. P. M.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise.

- 2 Thou moon, the queen of night,
 Thou sun, the orb of day,
 Ye glittering stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay ;
 His praise declare,
 Ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose Almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last
 From changes free ;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

4 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high ;
 And favours Israel's race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 O therefore raise
 Your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice
 The Lord to praise.

PSALM 148. *second v.* P. M.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise the great creator's name ;
 Lo, heav'n and earth, and seas and skies
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell, with joy, th' inspiring theme.

2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
 Ye clouds ! proclaim your forming God,
 Who call'd you from the depths of night ;
 Ye shades dispel, th' Eternal said,
 At once th' involving darkness fled,
 And beauteous nature sprung to light.

- 3 Let ev'ry element rejoice ;
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
 To that great God who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it gently to the soul.
- 4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In praise of thee, his God, employ ;
 Spread thy tremendous name around,
 Till heav'ns broad arch rings back the
 sound,
 The universal burst of joy.

PSALM 149. *new v.* P. M.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing :
 In Christ, the Redeemer,
 Let Israel rejoice,
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.

- 2 Let them his great name
 Extol in their songs,
 With well-tuned hearts
 His praises express ;

Who listens with pleasure
 To hear their glad tongues,
 And waits with salvation
 The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd
 His people shall sing
 To God, who their heads
 With safety does shield :
 Such honour and triumph
 His favour shall bring :
 O therefore, for ever
 All praise to Him yield.

PSALM 150. *first v.* L. M.

O PRAISE the Lord, in that blest place
 From whence his goodness largely flows
 Praise Him in heav'n, where He his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

- 2 Praise Him for all the mighty acts
 Which He in our behalf hath done ;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he doth to them afford,
 In just return of praise employ ;
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

~~From~~ from whom all blessings flow;
~~From~~ all creatures here below;
~~Him~~ Him above, ye heav'nly host;
~~Father~~ Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM 150. *second v. sevens.*

- P**RAISE, O praise the name divine;
 Praise it at the hallow'd shrine;
 Let the firmament on high
 To its Maker's praise reply.
- 2 Let his acts and power supreme
 To your songs suggest a theme:
 Be the harp no longer mute,
 Sound the trumpet, touch the lute.
- 3 Let the organ, in his praise,
 Learn its loudest notes to raise,
 And the cymbal's varying sound,
 From the vaulted roof rebound.
- 4 All who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ,
 All in one grand chorus join:
 Praise, O praise the name divine.
-

HYMNS

FOR GENERAL USE.

HYMN 1. C. M.

Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive glory, and honour,
and blessing. *Rev. v. 12.*

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Lord ! Thou art worthy to receive
All praise and pow'r divine :
And blessings more than we can give,
For evermore be thine.

4 Let all creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 2. C. M.

According to thy mercy, remember me, for thy goodness sake,
O Lord. PSALMS xxv. 7.

O THOU from whom all blessing flows,
My heart aspires to thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Great God, remember me.

2 When on this fearful burden'd heart
My sins press heavily ;
My pardon speak, thy peace impart,
In love remember me.

3 If strong temptations crowd my way,
And ills I cannot flee :
O give me strength, Lord, as my day ;
For good, remember me !

4 If torn with pain, disease, or grief,
I pray for help to thee ;
Give patience, rest, and kind relief ;
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for thy lov'd name,
Shame and reproaches be ;
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

6 And when at last I sink in death,
And meet thy just decree ;
Saviour, receive my parting breath,
And still remember me !

HYMN 3. C. M.

If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up.
JOB xxxii. 23.

O THOU whose tender mercy hears
The sinner's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye ;

2 See low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wand'rer mourn ;
Has thou not bid me seek thy face ?
Has thou not said—return ?

3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light,
Without one cheering ray,
Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,
How desolate my way.

4 Oh ! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing grace impart
A taste of joys divine.

HYMN 4. D. S. M.

Where is the place of my rest ? ISAIAH lxvi. 1.

O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce to either pole :

The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.

- 2 Beyond this vale of tears,
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years,
 And all that life is love :
 There is a death, whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
 O what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !

- 3 Lord God of truth and grace !
 Teach us that death to shun ;
 Lest we be driven from thy face,
 For evermore undone :—
 Here would we end our quest ;—
 Alone are found in thee
 The life of perfect love,—the rest
 Of immortality.

HYMN 5. L. M.

Let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him.
 ISAIAH lv. 7.

RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek an injur'd Father's face ;
 These new desires that in thee burn,
 Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,
 God hears thy deep repentant sigh ;
 He sees thy broken spirit mourn,
 When no intruding ear is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
 Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;
 Go to his feet, and joy to learn,
 How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,
 And wipe away the falling tear ;
 'Tis God who says, "no longer mourn,"
 'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

HYMN 6. P. M.

He said, peace, be still, and there was a great calm. MARK iv. 39.

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
 moan,
 Hath taught each scene the note of woe ;
 Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
 And let thy tears forget to flow ;
 Behold ! the precious balm is found,
 Which lulls thy pain—which heals thy
 wound.

- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd ;
 Unburden here thy weighty load ;
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe in the mercy of thy God :

Thy God's thy Saviour—glorious word !
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

- 3 As spring the winter, day the night,
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away ;
And holy joy, and heav'nly light,
Attend thy steps, and near thee stay :
While glory weaves th' immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own.

HYMN 7. L. M.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, and whose sin is covered. PSALM xxxii. 1.

O H ! how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin !
Though all around them dark may be,
Their minds have light and peace within.

- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But not with equal swiftness flee ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

- 4 Great God, who canst alone control
 The secret motions of the heart ;
 Do thou, in mercy to my soul,
 Thy comfort, peace, and life impart.

HYMN 8. C. M.

A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you. EZEKIEL xxxvi. 26.

- CAN aught beneath a pow'r divine
 Man's stubborn will subdue ?
 'Tis thine, O Lord, and only thine,
 To form the heart anew.
- 2 'Tis thine the passions to recall
 And bid them upwards rise,
 To make the scales of error fall
 From reason's darken'd eyes.
- 3 To chase the shades of death away,
 And bid the sinner live :
 A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
 'Tis thine alone to give.
- 4 O change these earthly hearts of ours,
 And give them life divine ;
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 9. C. M.

All things are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with whom
we have to do. HEB. iv. 13.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night ;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

2 There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say ;
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ
Against the judgment day.

3 And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there ?
Be all expos'd before the sun,
While men and angels hear ?

4 Lord, at thy feet asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look !
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

5 Remember all the dying pains
That the Redeemer felt ;
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

- 6 O may I now for ever fear
 T' indulge a sinful thought ;
 Since the great God can see and hear,
 And writes down every fault.

HYMN 10. C. M.

I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.
 Rom. vii. 18.

- M**Y God, how perfect are thy ways,
 But mine polluted are :
 Sin twines itself about my praise,
 And slides into my prayer.

- 2 When I would speak what thou hast done,
 To save me from my sin ;
 I cannot make thy mercies known,
 But self-applause creeps in.
- 3 If hope of heav'n, a holy flame,
 Thy grace creates in me ;
 Alas ! impatience is its name,
 When it returns to thee.
- 4 O then, let others in the dress
 Of fancied merit shine ;
 The Lord shall by my righteousness,
 The Lord for ever mine.

HYMN 11. S. M.

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. 1 JOHN i. 7.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay its hand
On that blest head of thine ;
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

HYMN 12. L. M.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord
Jesus Christ. GAL. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died ;
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the Cross of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down !
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 13. C. M.

Because I live ye shall live also. JOHN xiv. 19.

WHEN Christ victorious from the grave
 Ascended up on high ;
 He gave to all his saints a pledge,
 That they should never die.

- 2 Though, for a time, they sleep in dust,
 Each resting in his bed ;
 Soon the Archangel's trump shall sound,
 And call them from the dead.
- 3 Help us, then, Lord, to live to thee,
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King ;

To finish here our course with joy,
And thus in death to sing :

- 4 "We know that our Redeemer lives,
"Who bought us with his blood ;
"We know that we shall live with him,
"And in our flesh see God."

HYMN 14. C. M.

Seeing that he ever liveth to make intercession for us. HEB. vii. 25.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
Of faithfulness and love.

- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what strong temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

- 3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

- 4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

- 5 Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his pow'r ;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN 15. L. M.

Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.
 MARK xvi. 15.

GOD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known :
 Where love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 The pris'ner here may break his chains ;
 The weary rest from all his pains ;
 The captive feel his bondage cease ;
 The mourner find the way of peace.

- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
 A brighter world beyond the skies :
 Here shines the light, which guides our way
 From earth, to realms of endless day.

- 4 Oh ! grant us grace, Almighty Lord !
 To mark and learn thy holy word ;
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

HYMN 16. P. M.

And they cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God
that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. REV. vii. 10.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound;

A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,

Be unto the Lamb for ever:

Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;

Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly

The spacious earth around;

While all the armies of the sky

Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!

To Thee the praise belongs:

Salvation shall inspire our hearts,

And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, &c.

HYMN 17. C. M.

He is the Lord of all. ACTS x. 36.

And on his head were many crowns. REV. xix. 12.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jesu's name,
Let angels prostrate fall;

- Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant, weak and small ;
Hail Him who saves you by his grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye Gentile sinner's, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Ye realms of ev'ry tongue and name,
Through this terrestrial ball ;
In ev'ry language sound his name,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
And join the everlasting song,
To crown Him Lord of all.

HYMN 18. P. M.

God is love. 1 JOHN iv. 8.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down ;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown !
 Jesus, thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

- 2 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy grace receive :
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as the hosts above ;
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

- 3 Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee ;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN 19. C. M.

I am the way, the truth, and the life. JOHN xiv. 6.

THOU art the Way—to Thee alone
 From sin and death we flee ;

And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth—Thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu’ring arm ;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 20. SEVENS.

Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I
will give you rest. MATT. xi. 28.

COME, said Jesu’s sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrims ! hither come.

2 Hither come, for here is found
Balm for ev’ry bleeding wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

- 3 Ye who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
 Long have borne the proud world's scorn
 Long have roam'd the barren waste ;
 Weary pilgrims ! hither haste.
- 4 Ye who, toss'd on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease and rest in vain ;
 Ye whose swell'n and sleepless eyes,
 Watch to see the morning rise :
- 5 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
 Who the load of sin have borne,
 Here repose your heavy care :
 A wounded conscience who can bear ?
- 6 Hither come, for here is found
 Balm for ev'ry bleeding wound ;
 Peace that ever shall endure ;
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

HYMN 21. P. M.

Lord save us : we perish. MATT. viii. 25.

LORD of mercy and of might !
 Of mankind the life and light !
 Maker, Teacher, Infinite !
 Jesus ! hear and save !

- 2 Who, when sin's tremendous doom
 Gave creation to the tomb,
 Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb ;
 Jesus ! hear and save !

- 3 **Mighty Monarch ! Saviour mild !**
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd ;
 Jesus ! hear and save !
- 4 **Thron'd above celestial things,**
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings !
 Jesus ! hear and save !
- 5 **Who shall yet return from high,**
 Rob'd in might and majesty,
 Hear us ! help us when we cry !
 Jesus ! hear and save !

HYMN 22. L. M.

Behold now is the accepted time ; behold now is the day of
 Salvation. 2 CoR. vi. 2.

HASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
 The longer wisdom you despise,
 The harder is it to be won.

- 2 **Oh ! hasten mercy to implore,**
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;
 Lest thy brief season should be o'er,
 And life's uncertain race be run.
- 3 **Oh ! hasten sinner, to return,**
 And stay not for to-morrow's sun ;

For fear the curse should thee arrest,
Before to-morrow is begun.

- 4 O Lord, do thou the sinner turn,
And wake him from his slumb'ring state ;
Oh ! let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor feel his fatal choice too late.

HYMN 23. C. M.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand ? But there is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared. PSALM cxxx. 3.

WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face ;
Oh ! how shall I appear.

- 2 If now, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought :
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
Oh ! how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Which does her sins lament,
Of One who suffer'd unto death,
Her suff'rings to prevent.

- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
 To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 24. C. M.

O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and
 be at rest. PSALM lv. 6.

WHENE'ER we muse on sorrows past,
 Or mourn the present pain :
 How sweet to think of peace at last,
 And feel that death is gain !

- 2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise
 Against God's righteous will ;
 'Tis not that meek submission flies,
 And would not suffer still :

- 3 It is, that heav'n-taught faith surveys
 A better world than this ;
 And longs her eagle plume to raise,
 And lose herself in bliss.

- 4 Oh ! that the hours with rapid pace,
 My King and God ! were gone ;
 That I might see thee, face to face,
 And know as I am known.

HYMN 25. C. M.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. WISDOM III. 1.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death ;
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say "they're gone !"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her station near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all her efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight ;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much—and 'tis enough—we know
They are supremely blest ;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

HYMN 26. L. M.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. REV. XXI. 4.

WHAT tongue can tell, what fancy paint,
The joys that fill th' enraptur'd saint !

When mix'd with heav'n's adoring throng,
He shares their bliss, and swells their song.

- 2 He feels no pain, he fears no want,
His portion, all that God can grant ;
To see the Saviour as he is,
And dwell in heav'n with him and his.
- 3 He dwells exempt from all alarm ;
No world is there to fright or charm ;
No foes to plot against his peace ;
No sin to give their schemes success.
- 4 Oh ! may I reach that blest abode,
Where saints obtain their rest in God !
For this let ev'ry conflict here,
As nothing in my sight appear.

HYMN 27. C. M.

Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ which is far better. PHIL. i. 23.

WHEN we can view our prospect clear
To mansions in the skies,
We bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry our weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against our souls engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
We then can smile at all their rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall ;
 May we but safely reach our home,
 Our God ! our Heav'n ! our All !
- 4 There shall we stay our weary souls
 In scenes of changeless rest ;
 Where not a wave of trouble rolls
 Across the peaceful breast.

HYMN 28. C. M.

*To the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken
 for misery, but they are at peace. WISDOM iii. 2.*

- T**HE righteous souls that take their flight
 Far from this world of pain ;
 In God's paternal bosom blest,
 For ever shall remain.
- 2 To minds unwise they seem to die,
 All joyful hope to cease ;
 While they, secur'd by faith, repose
 In everlasting peace.
- 3 For at the great, the awful day,
 When Christ descends from high,
 With myriads of angelic saints,
 They'll meet him in the sky.
- 4 Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
 Shall pour redeeming grace,
 And cause them ever to behold
 The brightness of his face.

HYMN 29. L. M.

To-day if ye will hear his voice harden not your hearts.
HEB. iv. 7.

WHY should I say 'tis yet too soon
To seek for heav'n, or think of death ?
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

2 If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of heav'n ;
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

3 What if God's anger fiercely burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place !

4 Then will it be for ever vain
To cry for pardon and for grace ;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

HYMN 30. C. M.

Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour
wherein the Son of man cometh. MATT. xxv. 13.

THE day approacheth, O my soul !
The great decisive day,
Which from the scenes of mortal life,
Shall bear thee far away.

- 2 Another day more awful dawns,
 And lo ! the Judge appears ;
 Ye heav'ns, retire before his face,
 And sink, ye darken'd stars.
- 3 Yet does one short preparing hour,
 One precious hour remain ;
 Rouse thee, my soul, with all thy pow'r,
 Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 O may I in the Judge behold,
 My Saviour and my friend ;
 And far beyond the reach of death,
 With all his saints ascend !

HYMN 31. L. M.

No teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts
 unto wisdom. PSALM xi. 12.

- G**OD of eternity ! from Thee
 Did infant Time his being draw ;
 Moments and days, and months and years,
 Revolve by thy unvarying law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away,
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 Lost in eternity's wide sea,
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 3 With it the thoughtless sons of men,
 Before the rapid stream are borne

On to that everlasting home,
Where not one soul can e'er return.

- 4 O God of wisdom, teach my heart
To know the worth of ev'ry hour ;
That time may bear me on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

HYMN 32. L. M.

But one thing is needful. LUKE x. 42.

WHY will you lavish all your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares,
While, in this various range of thought,
"The one thing needful" is forgot !

- 2 Why will you chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an eternal mind,
While angels with regret look down,
And see you spurn a heav'nly crown ?

- 3 Not so your dying eyes will view
Those objects which we now pursue ;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

- 4 Almighty God ! thy pow'r impart
To fix conviction on the heart ;
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the simplest sinner wise.

HYMN 33. C. M.

Be ye also ready. MATT. xxiv. 44.

THEE we adore, eternal Name !
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms are we !

2 Dangers, to us unseen, abound,
 To send us to the tomb !
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

3 Infinite joy or endless woe
 Attends on ev'ry breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death !

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road :
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God !

HYMN 34. S. M.

The night cometh when no man can work. JOHN ix. 4.

TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand ;
 And if its sun arise and shine,
 It is at thy command.

- 2 The present moment flies
 And bears our life away ;
 Oh ! may thy servants truly wise,
 Improve each passing day.
- 3 Since on each winged hour
 Eternity is hung,
 Awaken, by thy mighty pow'r,
 The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care ;
 Be that one thing pursu'd ;
 Lest, now despis'd, we never hear
 Thy pard'ning voice renew'd.

HYMN 35. P. M.

They are before the Throne of God, and serve him day and
 night in his temple. REV. vii. 15.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
 Far above these lower skies,
 Fair and exquisitely bright,
 Heaven's unfading mansions rise :
 Glad within these blest abodes,
 Dwell the blessed saints above,
 Where no anxious care corrodes,
 Happy in Emanuel's love.

- 2 Once, indeed, like us below,
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Torturing pain, and heavy woe,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,

These, alas ! full well they knew,
 Sad companions of their way ;
 Oft on them the tempest blew,
 Through the long and cheerless way.

- 3 Happy spirits, ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find,
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind ;
 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow in eternal rest.

HYMN 36. P. M.

Let not your heart be troubled ; ye believe in God, believe also
 in me. JOHN xiv. 1.

- W**HEN mournful thoughts within me
 rise,
 And sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
 Yet he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
 The weight of woe, the pang of fear,
 Shall chase my heaviness, and dry
 The tear that starts within my eye.
- 2 When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
 Which covers all that was a friend,
 And from his voice, his look, his smile,
 Divides me for a little while ;
 Thou, Saviour, see'st the tears I shed,
 For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

- 3 And oh ! when I have safely past
 Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
 Be with me, Lord, and watch beside
 My bed, for thou thyself hast dy'd ;
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,
 And call me to thyself away.

HYMN 37. P. M.

It is I, be not afraid. MATT. xiv. 27.

- W**HY those fears ? behold 'tis Jesus
 Holds the helm, and guides the ship :
 Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
 Sent to waft us through the deep ;
 To the regions,
 Where the mourners cease to weep.
- 2 Though the shore we hope to land on,
 Only by report is known ;
 Yet we freely will abandon,
 Led by that report alone ;
 And with Jesus,
 Through the trackless deep move on.
- 3 Render'd safe by his protection,
 We shall pass the watery waste ;
 Trusting to his wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last ;
 And with wonder,
 Think on toils and dangers past.

HYMN 38. P. M.

We are strangers and pilgrims upon earth as all our fathers were.
HEB. xi. 13.

GUIDE us, O Thou Great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land ;
We are weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold us with thy pow'rful hand :
Bread of Heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow :
Let the fi'ry, cloudy pillar,
Lead us all our journey through :
Strong Deliv'rer,
Be Thou still our strength and shield.

3 When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside :
Bear us through the swelling current,
Land us safe on Canaan's side :
Song of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

HYMN 39. C. M.

Our fathers trusted in thee ; they trusted in thee, and thou
didst deliver them. PSALM xxii. 4.

O GOD of Israel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,

Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led ;

2 Our fervent prayers we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.

3 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease ;
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

HYMN 40. P. M.

He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. ISAIAH xl. 11.

ISRAEL'S Shepherd ! guide me, feed me
Through my pilgrimage below ;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go :
Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit the shelt'ring fold,
Heedless of thy grace restraining,
In the strength of nature bold ?

- 2 No: thy guardian presence ever,
 Meekly kneeling, I implore :
 I have found thee, and would never,
 Never wander from thee more :
 O how sweet, how comfortable,
 In this wilderness to see
 Such provision, such a table
 Spread for sinners, yea, for me !
- Chorus. My soul, temptation flying,*
Arm thee for the strife within :
 Jesus thy Redeemer, dying,
 Stamps an infamy on sin :
 Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,
 Rouse thy ev'ry latent pow'r :
 Cleans'd and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
 Go in peace and sin no more.

HYMN 41. C. M.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.
 Prov. III. 17.

- O** HAPPY is the man who hears
 Instruction's sacred voice ;
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice :
- 2 For she has treasures greater far
 Than East or West unfold ;
 And her reward is more secure
 Than is the gain of gold.

- 3 In her right hand, she holds to view
 A length of happy years ;
 And in her left, enduring wealth
 And honour bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence
 True pleasure's path to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.
- 5 And as her holy labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 42. P. M.

Give diligence to make your calling and election sure.
 2 PETER i. 10.

- O** GOD, thy saving grace impart,
 And deeply on each thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress ;
 Give us to feel their solemn weight,
 To tremble at our guilty state,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 2 Be this our one great object here,
 With godly jealousy and fear,
 To make our calling sure :
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 To suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

- 3 Then, gracious Lord, our souls receive,
Transported from this world, to live
And reign with thee above ;
Where faith is lost in perfect sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 43. C. M.

Ever learning and never able to come to a knowledge of the truth. 2 TIM. iii. 7.

- L**ONG have we heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
How slow to learn thy word !
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain ;
Such faint impressions of thy grace,
Our languid pow'rs retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hopes of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy sov'reign aid impart,
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on our hearts,
And deep its truths impress.

- 5 Oh ! speed our progress in the way
 That leads to joys on high ;
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

HYMN 44. SEVENS.

God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble.
 1 PETER v. 5.

- L**ORD, do thou the grace impart
 Of a meek and lowly heart ;
 Let me, as my Master, be
 Rooted in humility.
- 2 Since thou giv'st me Thee to know,
 Nothing may I seek below ;
 Aim at nothing great or high ;
 Lowly both in heart and eye.
- 3 Simple let me be, and mild,
 Chang'd into a little child ;
 Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 4 Father, fix my soul on thee,
 Ev'ry evil let me flee ;
 Let thy love (my heart within)
 Keep me pure from ev'ry sin.

HYMN 45. C. M.

And now abideth faith, hope, and charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
 And love inspires the breast !
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

2 Without it, knowledge is in vain,
 And all in vain our fear,
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move ;
 The devils know and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,
 When faith and hope shall cease ;
 And this shall strike our joyful strings
 In realms of endless peace.

5 When join'd to that harmonious throng,
 That fills the choirs above ;
 Then shall we tune our golden harps,
 And ev'ry note be love.

HYMN 46. C. M.

Faith without works is dead. JAMES ii. 26.

OH, why will men so dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust !

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead !
 None but a *living* pow'r unites
 To Christ the living head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
 By an almighty pow'r :
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

5 Faith must obey her Father's will,
 As well as trust his grace :
 A pard'ning God is jealous still
 For his own holiness.

HYMN 47. C. M.

Oh! that I was as in months past. JOB xxix. 2.

OH! for a closer walk with God ;
A calm and heav'nly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
Which leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the happiness I knew,
When first I prais'd the Lord,
And felt the heart-reviving view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But now I feel a painful void,
No human joys can fill.

4 Spirit of love ! once more return,
Kind messenger of rest ;
Forgive the sins for which I mourn ;
And reign within my breast.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
Which leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 48. C. M.

Lord teach us to pray. LUKE xi. 1.

PRAYER is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh ;
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath ;
The Christians' native air ;
His watchword at the gates of death—
He enters heav'n with prayer.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways ;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And say, "Behold, he prays."

5 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way ;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod—
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

HYMN 49. L. M.

Shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry day and night unto him. LUKE xviii. 7.

WHAT various hindrances we meet,
In coming to the mercy-seat ;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer draws the yielding soul from sin,
And sheds a holy calm within ;
Leads forth the thoughts on wings of love,
And brings down blessings from above.

3 Neglecting prayer, we cease to fight ;
No longer shines our armour bright :
But Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 While Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words, ah ! think again ;
Words flow with ease when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your fear.

- 6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
 To heav'n in supplication sent,
 Your cheerful songs would oft'ner be,
 "Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

HYMN 50. C. M.

Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. *HEB. iv. 16.*

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
 Where Jesus answers prayer ;
 Still humbly bow before his feet,
 For none can perish there.

- 2 Saviour ! thy word is all my plea,
 With this I venture nigh ;
 Thou callest wearied souls to thee.
 And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Laden with grief, and guilt, and sin,
 By Satan's pow'r depress'd ;
 By war without, and fears within,
 I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
 That, shelter'd near thy side,
 I may my fierce accuser face,
 And tell him, "Thou hast dy'd."

- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame ;
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 51. C. M.

Not my will, but thine be done. LUKE xxii. 42.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :

- 2 "Forgive the wand'rings of my ways,
 "The ills that I have done ;
 "Accept my prayer, and hear my praise
 "Through thy beloved Son.
- 3 "Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 "From ev'ry murmur free ;
 "The blessings of thy grace impart,
 "And let me live to thee.
- 4 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
 "My life and death attend ;
 "Thy presence through my journey shine
 "And crown my journey's end.
- 5 "O let thy guidance never cease,
 "Till death shall crown mine eyes ;
 "Then let me lay me down in peace,
 "And in thine image rise."

HYMN 52. C. M.

Blessed be God, even the God of all comfort. 2 Cor. i. 3.

FATHER, in all our comforts here,
 Thy gracious hand we see ;
 Each blessing to our souls more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd ;
 To thee our thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er our life has flow'd ;
 That mercy we adore.

3 When gladness wings our favour'd hour,
 Thy love our thoughts shall fill ;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lour,
 Our souls shall meet thy will.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns our days,
 In ev'ry pain we bear,
 Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

HYMN 53. C. M.

Have we not all one Father. MAL. ii. 10.

FATHER of all ! and God of love !
 By earth and heav'n ador'd ;
 In worlds below, and worlds above,
 The universal Lord !

- 2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns us not to do ;
This, teach us more than death to shun,
That, more than life pursue.
- 3 Where we are right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay : [heart
Where we are wrong, teach, Lord, our
To find the better way.
- 4 Save us alike from foolish pride,
And impious discontent ;
At aught thy wisdom hath deni'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
- 5 This day be bread and peace our lot :
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done !

HYMN 54. L. M.

Forsake me not, O Lord ! O my God, be not far from me !
PSALM xxxviii. 21.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?
- 4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God,
Supports me under ev'ry load.

HYMN 55. S. M.

It is the Lord : let him do what seemeth him good. 1 SAM. iii. 18.

IF through unruff'd seas,
T'wards heav'n we calmly sail ;
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We'll own the prosp'rous gale.

- 2 But should the waves arise,
And angry tempests come ;
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at thy control ;

Thy tender mercy shall speak peace,
And calm the troubled soul.

- 4 Teach us in ev'ry state
To make thy will our own ;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

HYMN 56. C. M.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the
name of the Lord. JOB i. 21.

MY times of sorrows and of joys,
Great God ! are in thy hand ;
From thee my sweetest comforts rise,
And go at thy command.

- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine ;
Before thou lendest them to me,
They were entirely thine.

- 3 Nor would I ever love thee less,
Though all the world were gone ;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, O Lord, alone.

- 4 Here perfect bliss we ne'er enjoy,
'Tis honey mix'd with gall ;
But, Lord, while earthly comforts die,
Be *Thou* mine All in All.

HYMN 57. C. M.

As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. REV. iii. 19.

HOW happy is the Christian's state,
His sins are all forgiv'n ;
A cheering ray shines on his path,
And lifts his hopes to heav'n.

2 Though in the rugged ways of life
He heaves the pensive sigh ;
Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
Deliv'rance still is nigh.

3 If to prevent his wand'ring steps,
He feels the chast'ning rod ;
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures shall ascend
To everlasting day.

HYMN 58. C. M.

For with thee is the fountain of life. PSALM xxxvi. 9.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend ;
To thee in ev'ry trouble flee,
My best and only friend

- 2 When all created streams are dry,
 Thy goodness is the same ;
 May I with this be satisfi'd,
 And glory in thy name.
- 3 No good in creatures can be found,
 But may be found in thee ;
 I must have all things, and abound,
 If God be God to me.
- 4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
 I triumph and adore ;
 Henceforth my great concern shall be
 To love and serve thee more.

HYMN 59. S. M.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my paths.
 PSALM cxix. 105.

- B**EHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way ;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes
 It spreads diviner light ;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 O Lord our God ! how plain
 The precepts thou hast giv'n !
 O may we never read in vain,
 But find the path to heav'n !

- 4 We hear thy word with love,
 And we would fain obey ;
 O send thy Spirit from above
 To guide us lest we stray.

HYMN 60. L. M.

Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law. Ps. cxix. 34.

- W**HERE is the understanding heart
 That seeks to act the wiser part ?
 What is the knowledge he requires ?
 What are the things his soul desires ?
- 2 He seeks to know himself aright,
 As seen in his Creator's sight ;
 He seeks repentance for his sins—
 'Tis here true wisdom first begins.
- 3 Earnest he seeks Jehovah's face,
 And longs to feel the pow'r of grace ;
 He shuns the sins he lov'd before,
 And strives to hate them more and more.
- 4 He seeks for pardon through the blood
 Of Jesus, the incarnate God :
 He seeks that faith "which works by love,"
 This is the wisdom from above.
- 5 He seeks to prove his faith sincere,
 And guards his soul with holy fear :
 He seeks to be approv'd of God,
 And loves to spread his praise abroad.

- 6 This is the knowledge he requires ;
 And God will grant his pure desires ;
 Jesus will bless him from the skies,
 And make him to salvation wise.

HYMN 61. S. M.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things. JOHN xiv. 26.

COME, Holy Spirit ! come :
 Let thy bright beams arise :
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
 The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin ;
 Then lead us to the Lord,
 And to our wond'ring view reveal
 The mercies of thy word.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
 Our doubts and fears remove ;
 And kindle in our breasts the flame
 Of everlasting love.

4 Dwell thou within our breasts,
 Our minds from bondage free ;
 So shall we know, and praise, and love
 The Father, Son, and Thee.

HYMN 62. L. M.

But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. ROM. vii. 23.

WHAT jarring natures dwell within,
Imperfect grace, remaining sin ;
Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
Though both by turns my heart assail.

2 Now I complain, and droop, and die,
Now raise my songs and triumph high ;
Sing a rebellious passion slain,
Or mourn to feel it live again.

3 One happy hour beholds me rise,
Borne upwards to the promis'd skies ;
While faith assists my eager flight
To realms of joy and worlds of light.

4 Scarce some few hours or minutes roll,
Ere earth recalls my captive soul ;
I feel its strong attractive force,
And swiftly urge a downward course.

5 O Saviour, aid me through this fight,
Make me triumphant in thy might ;
Thou the desponding heart canst raise,
The conquest thine, and thine the praise.

HYMN 63. P. M.

The world passeth away, and the lusts thereof. 1 JOHN ii. 17.

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
 To vain illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow ;
 There's nothing true but Heaven !

2 Poor wand'ers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we're driven ;
 And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way ;
 There's nothing calm but Heaven.

HYMN 64. C. M.

Love not the world, neither the things of the world. 1 JOHN ii. 15.

HOW vain are all things here below !
 How false, and yet how fair !
 Each pleasure has its poison too,
 And ev'ry sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light ;
 We should suspect some danger nigh,
 Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, our nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,—

How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half to God !

- 4 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good !

HYMN 65. L. M.

Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away
from her. LUKE x. 42.

B ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand ;
Saviour Divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous heart,
Dear Lord, to choose the better part ;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

- 4 If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 66. L. M.

We look for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and
builder is God. HEB. xi. 10.

- “**W**E’VE no abiding city here ;”
This may distress the worldling’s
mind ;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 “We’ve no abiding city here ;”
Sad truth, were this to be our home ;
But let the thought our spirits cheer !
We seek a city yet to come.
- 3 “We’ve no abiding city here ;”
Then let us live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
- 4 “We’ve no abiding city here ;”
We seek a city out of sight ;
Zion’s its name ; the Lord is there :
It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 Oh, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims, freed from toil, are blest !
Had I the pinions of the dove,
I’d fly to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But, hush, my soul ! nor dare repine ;
The time my God appoints is best ;
While here, to do his will be mine,
And his to fix my time of rest.

HYMN 67. C. M.

I pray thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond
Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon. DEUT. iii. 25.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

4 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 68. SEVENS.

Fight the good fight of faith ; lay hold on eternal life.
1 TIM. vi. 12.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe ;
Faint not, but maintain the fight,
Strengthen'd in your Saviour's might.

3 Shrink not, Christians ; will ye yield ?
Will ye quit the painful field ?
See, your Captain leads the way !
Onward, Christians, win the day.

4 Worn with anguish, though ye be,
Sickness, grief, or poverty ;
Onward, for before you lies,
Fair and sure, the Heav'nly prize !

HYMN 69. C. M.

Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 TIM. ii. 3.

ARE we the soldiers of the Cross ;
The followers of the Lamb ?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

- 2 Now must we fight if we would reign :
 Increase our courage, Lord :
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.
- 3 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
 Shall conquer though they're slain :
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And shall with Jesus reign.
- 4 When that illustrious day shall rise ;
 And all thine armies shine,
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies ;
 The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 70. P. M.

Worthy art thou to receive glory and honour and blessing.
 REV. v. 12.

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to grateful lays ;
 For, thy mercies, never ceasing,
 Call for ceaseless songs of praise.
 Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by blessed saints above :
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

- 2 Thou didst seek me, when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
Thou, to rescue me from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.
By thy hand, restor'd, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come ;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to thy heav'nly home.



HYMNS

FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

MORNING.

HYMN 71. L. M.

- A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare ;
Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as 'twere thy last.
- 3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins, as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

EVENING.

HYMN 72. L. M.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings !
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose !
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close !
Sleep which may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE SABBATH.

HYMN 73. P. M.

A GAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jeho-
vah blest ;
When, like his own, he bade our labours
cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day,
To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;
In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,
And join in penitence, and join in prayer.

3 Father of heav'n ! in whom our hopes
confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose pre-
cepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our
Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

HYMN 74. P. M.

G REAT God, this sacred day of thine
Demands our souls' collected pow'rs ;
May we employ, in praise divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours !
Oh ! may our hearts, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

- 2 Ye cares of earth, and trifles fly ;
 Where God resides appear no more ;
 Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore ;
 O, may thy love our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 Thy Spirit's peaceful aid impart,
 And on thy word with radiance shine ;
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart,
 Then shall the day indeed be thine ;
 Then shall our souls, adoring, own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 75. SEVENS.

- I**N thy presence we appear,
 Lord, we love to worship here :
 Love to tread this holy place,
 Where thou shed'st thy heav'nly grace.
- 2 While thy glorious name is sung,
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue,
 That our joyful souls may bless
 Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 While thy word is read, with awe
 May we tremble at thy law,
 Till thy gospel's wondrous love
 Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

- 4 From thine house when we return
 May our hearts within us burn ;
 And at ev'ning let us say
 We have walk'd with God to-day.

HYMN 76. P. M.

SOON will the Ev'ning star with silver
 ray,

Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day ;
 Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign
 The rites that holiness and heav'n ordain.

- 2 Here let us humbly hope our maker's smile
 Will crown with meet success our weekly
 toil ;

And here, on each returning Sabbath, join
 In prayer, in penitence, in praise divine.

- 3 So shall the God of mercy, pleas'd, receive
 That only tribute man hath pow'r to give ;
 So shall He hear, while fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

CHORUS.

- 4 Father of Heav'n, in whom our hopes
 confide,
 Whose pow'r defends us and whose pre-
 cepts guide ;
 In life our guardian and in death our friend,
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

ADVENT.—FIRST.

HYMN 77. P. M.

Air.

LAMB of God, that in the bosom
Of the Father dwellest high,
Deign to visit humble sinners,
From thy rest above the sky.

Chorus.

2 God the mighty, leave thy glory,
Nor abhor the virgin's womb ;
Spread salvation like a river ;
Jesus, let thy kingdom come.

Air.

3 Shepherds, did you hear him coming,
Whilst you kept your flocks by night !
Did you see his star in heaven
Blaze with new created light ?

Chorus.

4 Haste, ye magi, come and worship,
See the orient star before ;
Bring your presents, gold, and spices,
Blest Arabia's balmy store.

Air.

5 All ye joyous hosts of heaven,
Loudly speak the Saviour's praise ;
Saints and angels, in full chorus
Your seraphic voices raise.

Chorus.

- 6 Come, O come, your hallelujahs
 In wide echoing songs proclaim ;
 Heav'n and earth, with joy resounding,
 Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

HYMN 78. C. M.

- H**ARK the glad sound, the saviour comes
 The Saviour promis'd long ;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
 And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held ;
 The gates of brass before him break,
 The Iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
 To clear the mental ray,
 And on the eye long closed in night,
 To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
 The bleeding soul to cure ;
 And with the riches of his grace
 To bless the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim,
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring
 With thy beloved name.

ADVENT.—SECOND.

HYMN 79. P. M.

LO! he comes in clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending
 Swell the triumph of his train.

Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Amen.

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 Ev'ry Island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth, shall flee away :
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment ! come away !

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear.

HYMN 80. L. M.

THE Lord shall come ; the earth shall
quake,
The mountains to their centre shake ;
And with'ring from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

- 2 The Lord shall come, but not the same
As once in lowliness he came ;
A silent lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come : a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.
- 4 Can this be he, who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
Oppress'd by pow'r and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene,—the Crucify'd !
- 5 While sinners in despair shall call
“ Rocks, hide us : mountains, on us fall ! ”
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, “ the Lord is come ! ”

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 81. P. M.

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy
morn,

Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,
Rise to adore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first begun
Of God Incarnate, and the virgin's Son.

2 O, may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost man-
kind;

Trace we the babe who hath retriev'd
our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross,
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace;
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes
place.

3 Then may we hope, th'angelic hosts among,
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant
throng :

He that was born upon this joyful day
Around us all his glory shall display ?
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heav'n's almighty King.

HYMN 82. P. M.

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! th' angelic host rejoices ;
Heav'nly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy :
Glory in the highest, glory ;
Glory be to God most high.

3 Peace on earth, good will from heav'n
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiv'n
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heav'n and earth his praises sing :
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name, and taste his joy ;
Till in heav'n ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high !"

6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

EPIPHANY.

Or, the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

HYMN 83. SEVENS.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long expected star ;
Jacob's star that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death,
Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear :
Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
Meet him manifested there.

4 Sing, ye morning stars, again
God descends to dwell with men ;
Peace and love his heart employ,
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

HYMN 84. S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill ;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal !

- 2 How charming is their voice !
 How sweet the tidings are !
 “Zion ! behold thy Saviour-King,
 He reigns and triumphs here.”
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear the joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heav’nly light !
 Prophets and kings desir’d it long,
 But dy’d without the sight.
- 5 The Lord makes known his name
 Through all the earth abroad ;
 Let ev’ry nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

PASSION WEEK

HYMN 85. C. M.

DARK was the night, and cold the ground,
 On which the Lord was laid ;
 His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down ;
 In agony he pray’d ;

- 2 “ Father, remove this bitter cup,
 “ If such thy sacred will :
 “ If not, content to drink it up,
 “ Thy pleasure I fulfil.”

- 3 Go to the garden, sinner, see
 Those precious drops that flow ;
 The heavy load he bore for thee :
 For thee he lies so low.
- 4 Then learn of him the cross to bear ;
 Thy Father's will obey ;
 And when temptations sore draw near,
 Awake to watch and pray.

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 86. L. M.

- T**HE morning dawns upon the place,
 Where Jesus spent the night in pray'r ;
 Sorrows unknown have marr'd his face ;
 No form or comeliness is there.
- 2 See him by those he call'd his own,
 Betray'd, forsaken, and deny'd ;
 To judgment brought, he stands alone—
 Arraign'd, condemn'd, and crucify'd.
- 3 No guile within his mouth is found :
 He neither threatens nor complains :
 Meek as a lamb for slaughter bound,
 A willing victim he remains.
- 4 He bears their buffetting and scorn,
 Mock homage of the lip and knee,
 The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
 The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

- 5 He dies :—the veil is rent in twain,
 Darkness o'er all the land is spread ;
 In ev'ry bosom terrors reign ;
 Earth quakes; the graves give up their dead
- 6 "Truly this was the son of God !"
 To him let sinners turn their eyes ;
 Now bruis'd beneath his Father's rod,
 Not for himself,—for man—he dies.

HYMN 87. P. M.

- H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
 Sounds aloud from Calvary ;
 See, the rocks are rent asunder ;
 Darkness veils the mid-day sky ;
 "It is finish'd ;"
 Hear the dying Saviour cry.
- 2 O what joy to helpless sinners
 These triumphant words afford !
 Heav'nly blessings without measure
 Flow to us through Christ the Lord.
 "It is finish'd ;"
 Saints his dying words record.
- 3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs !
 Strike them to Emanuel's name :
 All on earth, and all in heav'n,
 Join the triumph to proclaim ;
 "It is finish'd ;"
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

EASTER.

HYMN 88. SEVENS.

JESUS Christ is ris'n to-day,
 Our triumphant holyday ;
 Who so lately on the cross,
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss. Hallelujah!

2 Hymns of praises let us sing,
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King ;
 Who endur'd both cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah!

3 But the pains which he endur'd,
 Our salvation have procur'd ;
 Now he reigns above the sky,
 Where the angels ever cry Hallelujah!

4 Join we then with saints above,
 To proclaim the Saviour's love ;
 Join with heav'n and earth to raise,
 Hymns of gratitude and praise. Hallelujah

HYMN 89. P. M.

HARK ! ten thousand voices cry
 Vict'ry, vict'ry, through the sky !
 Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
 Spreading rapt'rous joy around.

- 2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward ;
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.
- 3 O what honours now await him !
Friends and foes shall hear his voice :
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him ;
Ye who love his name, rejoice.
- 4 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the victor's seat ;
Lo, the man on earth rejected !
Angels worship at his feet.
- 5 Day and night they cry before him ;
"Holy, holy, holy Lord !"
All the pow'rs of heav'n adore him ;
All obey his sov'reign word.

CHORUS.

Then haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
And crown him everlasting King.

ASCENSION.

HYMN 90. C. M.

O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King ;
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 Jesus, our Lord, ascends on high,
 His heav'nly hosts around
 Attend him, rising through the sky,
 With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains ;
 Let all the earth his honours sing,
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge lead the song ;
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 91. L. M.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire ;
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love ;
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight.

- 3 Anoint our heart, and cheer our face,
With the abundance of thy grace :
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee of both, to be but One ;
That through the ages all along,
This theme may form our endless song :
Praise God from whom, &c.

HYMN 92. C. M.

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys !
Our souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys !
 - 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise :
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
 - 4 Blest Saviour ! shall we always be
In this poor dying state ;
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
Come, Holy Spirit, &c.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 93. P. M.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love ;
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give ;
Whose new-creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live.
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
 Be endless honours done ;
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One ;
 Where reason fails
 With all her pow'rs,
 There faith prevails,
 And love adores.

HYMN 94. P. M.

GRACIOUS God, look down in kindness

On thy children gather'd here ;
 Once we wander'd in our blindness,
 But thy mercy brought us near ;
 Blessed Father,
 Keep us in thy holy fear.

2 JESUS, author of salvation,
 On whose merits we rely ;
 Thine be ceaseless adoration,
 Thine the homage of the sky ;
 Blessed Saviour,
 Ever guide us with thine eye.

3 HOLY SPIRIT, who art given
 To renew the sinful heart ;
 Pledge and antepast of heav'n,
 Thou our life, our comfort art :
 Blessed Spirit,
 Never from our breasts depart.

SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN 95. L. M.

- M**Y God, and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy goodness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast! which Jesus makes,
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend;
 Nor when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.
- 5 Revive thy dying churches, Lord!
 And bid our drooping graces live;
 And all that energy afford
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN 96. S. M.

THE Feast is spread for all
 Who really feel their need,
 Why then should I refuse the call
 To "meat and drink indeed?"*

*John vi. 55.

- 2 He bids me eat the bread ;
 He bids me drink the wine ;
 No other motive, Lord, I need,
 No other word than thine.
- 3 I cheerfully comply
 With what my Lord doth say ;
 Let others ask a reason why,
 My glory is t' obey.
- 4 Because He saith, " Do this, "
 This I will always do.
 Till Jesus come in glorious bliss,
 I thus his death will shew.

HYMN 97. P. M.

FORTH from the wild and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 O Lord, we seek a shelter here ;
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray,
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

- 2 Long have we roam'd in toil and pain,
 Long have we sought for rest in vain ;
 ' Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay,
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

HYMN 98. C. M.

WHEN youth and age are snatch'd
 away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
 Which friendship must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 With awful pow'r impress'd,
 May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more ;
 Behold the op'ning tomb !
 It bids us use the present hour ;
 To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
 May ev'ry heart obey !
 Nor be the faithful warning vain,
 Which calls to "watch and pray."

5 Oh ! let us to His refuge fly,
 Whose arm alone can save ;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave !

HYMN 99. P. M.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!

The judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.

The trumpet sounds! the graves restore,
The dead, which they contain'd before!

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet Him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone:
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet Him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The judge of mankind doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet Him.

FUNERAL.

HYMN 100. P. M.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame :
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh ! the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
" Sister spirit, come away."—
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

3 The world recedes, it disappears,
Heav'n opens to my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring ;
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

CHARITY SERMON. SUNDAY SCHOOL.

HYMN 101. P. M.

COME, let our voice ascend,
 In one glad song of praise ;
 To God, the God of love,
 Our grateful hearts we raise :
 To God alone the praise belongs ;
 He claims our earliest, latest songs.

Children.

- 2 Now we are taught to read
 The book of life divine ;
 Where our Redeemer's love,
 And brightest glories shine :

Congregation.

- To God alone, &c.

Children.

- 3 Within these hallow'd walls
 Our wand'ring feet are brought ;
 Where pray'r and praise ascend,
 And heav'nly truths are taught :

Congregation.

- To God alone, &c.

Congregation and Children.

- 4 Lord, bid this work of love,
 Be crown'd with meet success :
 May thousands, yet unborn,
 This institution bless ;
 Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
 In time, and to eternity.

FOR THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

HYMN 102. P. M.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

2 Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name ;

3 Waft, waft ye winds his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 103. L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord, and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heav'nly grace ;
And let the seed of sacred truth,
Find in each mind a fruitful place.

- 2 Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite ;
Bid each his heart and life review.
- 3 The cross that mark'd their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove ;
O may they keep their sacred vow,
And walk as children of thy love.
- 4 Now in the strength of pow'r divine
O may they all, with glad accord,
In holy covenant combine,
And join themselves to Christ the Lord.
- 5 Thy sons and daughters may they be,
Confirm'd and strengthen'd by thy grace ;
And, safe through life preserv'd by thee,
In heav'n behold thee face to face.

NATIONAL FAST.

HYMN 104. L. M.

LORD, while thy judgments shake the
land,

Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee !
We own thy just uplifted hand,
Which thousands cannot, will not, see.

2 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care
On this indulg'd ungrateful spot ;
While other nations, far and near,
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot !

3 Here peace and liberty have dwelt ;
The glorious gospel brightly shone ;
And oft our enemies have felt
That God has made our cause his own.

4 But now in wrath he wields his rod—
And where, then, are the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
And know what Israel ought to do ?

5 Lord, hear thy people ev'ry where,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray ;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away !

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

HYMN 105. L. M.

GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
 A word of thine almighty breath
 Can sink the world, or bid it rise :
 Thy smile is life—thy frown is death !

- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
 And rage, and noise, and tumult reign ;
 And war resounds its dire alarms,
 And slaughter dyes the hostile plain ;
- 3 Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,
 And marks their course, and bounds their
 pow'r :
 Thy word the angry nations own,
 And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord !
 All move subservient to thy will ;
 And peace and war await thy word,
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.
- 5 To thee we raise our grateful songs,
 Thy kind protection still implore ;
 Oh may our hearts, and lives, and tongues
 Confess thy goodness, and adore !

HARVEST.

HYMN 106. c. m.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are ;
The changing seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain ;
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was
thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st the sun of heav'n to shine,
And night's refreshing dew.
- 4 These various mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

OLD YEAR.

HYMN 107. C. M.

AND now, my soul, another year
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

2 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern ?

3 Now a new scene of time begins—
 Set out afresh for heav'n ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely giv'n.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

HYMN 108. C. M.

SEE in the vineyard of the Lord
 A barren fig-tree stand !
 It yields no fruit, no blossom bears,
 Though planted by his hand.

- 2 From year to year He seeks for fruit ;
 And still no fruit is found :
 It stands, among the living trees,
 Encumbering the ground.
- 3 But, lo ! the gracious Saviour pleads,
 " The barren fig-tree spare,
 " In mercy stay the threat'ning hand,
 " And grant another year.
- 4 " Perhaps some means of grace, untry'd,
 " May reach the stony heart ;
 " Or the soft dews of heav'nly love
 " May heav'nly life impart.
- 5 " But, if all means should prove in vain,
 " And still no fruit appear,
 " Then mercy may no longer plead,
 " Nor ask another year."

NEW YEAR.

HYMN 109. L. M.

- G**REAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported, still we stand ;
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
 That mercy crowns it till it close.
- 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still are we guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed ;
 By his unerring counsel led.

- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future, all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
- 4 When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues ;
 Our Helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN 110. c. m.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds,
 Of the revolving year ;
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds,
 How short the months appear.

- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life has done
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
 The swift advancing year ;
 And study how we may increase
 The speed of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act the Christian's part,
 And give this year to thee.

APPENDIX.

HYMNS.

HYMN 111. L. M.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. HEB. iv. 9.

LORD of the Sabbath ! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
Accept, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same;
Whose kind compassions never cease;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above :
O that we might that rest attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !

4 O long expected day, begin !
Lead us on this world of woe and sin :
Soon would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest in God.

HYMN 112. P. M.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house : they will be still
praising thee. PSALM lxxxiv. 4.

IN loud exalted strains
The King of glory praise ;
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns
Through everlasting days :
But Zion, with His presence blest,
Is His delight, His chosen seat.

2 O King of glory ! come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy dome,
This people as Thine own :
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with man below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend
Accepted to the skies :
Now let the Gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the list'ning throng
Imbibe Thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of Seraphim above ;
Till all who humbly seek Thy face
Rejoice in Thine abounding grace.

HYMN 113. S. M.

And they sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb. Rev. x

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing till we feel the heart
Ascending with the tongue ;
Let ev'ry meaner joy depart,
And grace inspire the song.

4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall th' enraptur'd tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 114. C. M.

Receive with meekness the engrafted word. JAMES I. 21.

POUR down thy Spirit, gracious Lord!
 On all assembled here;
 Let us receive th' engrafted word
 With meekness and with fear.

2 By faith in Thee the soul receives
 New life, though dead before:
 And he who in thy name believes
 Shall live to die no more.

3 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive
 In those who love Thy name;
 For sin and satan daily strive
 To quench the sacred flame.

4 Thy grace and mercy first prevail'd
 From death to set us free;
 And often since, our life had fail'd,
 Unless renew'd by Thee.

5 To Thee we look, to Thee we bow;
 To Thee for help we call;
 Our Life and Resurrection Thou,
 Our Hope, our Joy, our All.

HYMN 115. C. M.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound

BLEST are the souls that hear
The gospel's joyful sound
Peace shall attend the path
And light their steps surround

2 Their faith shall bear their sin
Through their Redeemer's
His righteousness exalts the
Nor Satan dares condemn

3 They glory in his cross alone
They conquer by his grace
And near the King's eternal
Will soon possess a place.

4 The Lord, our glory and defence
Strength and salvation give
Israel, thy King for ever reign
Thy God for ever lives.

HYMN 116. C. M.

Teach me thy Statutes. PSALM cx.

FATHER of mercies ! in thee
What endless glory shine
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around ;
 And life and everlasting joys
 Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Here springs of consolation rise,
 To cheer the fainting mind ;
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 O may those heav'nly pages be
 My first, my chief delight !
 And still new beauties may I see,
 And still increasing light ;
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
 Be thou for ever near :
 Teach me to love thy sacred word,
 And view my Saviour there.

HYMN 117. C. M.

All we like sheep have gone astray. ISAIAH liii. 6.

- A**LMIGHTY Father ! God of grace !
 We all, like sheep astray,
 In folly from thy paths have turn'd
 Each to his sinful way.
- 2 Sins of omission, and of act,
 Through all our lives abound ;
 Alas ! in thought, and word, and deed,
 No health in us is found.

- 3 O spare us, Lord ! in mercy spare !
 Our contrite souls restore,
 Through him who suffer'd on the cross,
 And man's transgressions bore.
- 4 And grant, O Father ! for his sake,
 That we, through all our days,
 A just and godly life may lead,
 To thine eternal praise.

HYMN 118. C. M.

A new heart will I give thee. EZEK. XXXVI. 26.

- O** FOR a heart to praise my God !
 A heart from sin set free :
 A heart that's sprinkl'd with the blood
 So freely shed for me :—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone :—
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within :—
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
 And fill'd with love divine,
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

HYMN 119. C. M.

I was alive without the law once; but when sin revived, I died.
 ROMANS vii. 9.

- I** WAS alive without the law,
 In fanci'd peace secure;
 I felt no fear, no danger saw,
 And thought salvation sure.
- 2 But when, to my awaken'd soul,
 The law its pow'r appli'd,
 Then sin reviv'd before my eyes,
 And I, beholding, di'd.
- 3 Death is the wages I have earn'd,
 The just desert of sin;
 Alas! my life is vile without,
 And vile my heart within.
- 4 Oh! who can free my troubled mind
 From sin's oppressive load?
 Oh, wretched man! how shall I find
 Acceptance with my God?
- 5 My soul with transport turns to Thee,
 To Thee, my Saviour, turns;
 Cleans'd by thy blood, and sav'd by grace,
 My soul no longer mourns.

HYMN 120. L. M.

Christ is all. COL. iii. 12.

BURIED in shadows of the night,
 We lie till Christ restores the light :
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
 Till his atoning blood appears ;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing "The Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin ;
 His Spirit makes our natures clean ;
 Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in Thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness:
 Thou art our mighty All, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.

HYMN 121. C. M.

To you that believe he is precious. 1 PETER. ii. 7.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubl'd breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 O Thou ! our Saviour, Shepherd, Friend,
Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Our Lord, our Life, our Way, our End,
Accept the praise we bring.
- 4 Thy praises shall our tongues proclaim,
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh our souls in death.

HYMN 122. P. M.

He shall be a covert from the storm. ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

- J**ESUS, Saviour of my soul !
To Thy shelt'ring arms I fly,
While the waters nearer roll,
While the tempest still is high !
Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
'Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide :
Oh ! receive my soul at last !
- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !

All my hope on Thee is stay'd,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing !

- 3 Thou, O Christ ! art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make, and keep me pure within !

HYMN 123. S. M.

By grace are ye saved through faith ; and that not of yourselves :
 It is the gift of God. EPHES. ii. 8.

- G**RACE ! 'tis a joyful sound,
 Harmonious to the ear ;
 Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
 To save rebellious man ;
 And all the steps that grace display
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heav'nly road ;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While passing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days ;
 It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

HYMN 124. P. M.

Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely. *REV. xxii. 17*

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
 Come in mercy's gracious hour !
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and pow'r :
 He is able,
 He is willing : doubt no more.

2 Come, ye thirsty, ye are welcome !
 God's free bounty glorify :
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings us nigh—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall ;
 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Lest you never come at all :
 Not the righteous—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

HYMN 125. C. M.

Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace. MARK v. 34.

HEAL us, IMMANUEL ; here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch :
Deep-wounded souls to thee repair,
And, SAVIOUR, *we* are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess ;
We faintly trust thy word ;
But wilt thou pity us the less ?
"Be that far from thee, LORD !"

3 Remember him who once appli'd,
With trembling, for relief :
"LORD, I believe," with tears he cri'd,
"O help mine unbelief !"

4 She too who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace,
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 Like her, with hopes and fears we come,
To touch thee if we may ;
Oh ! send us not desponding home !
Send none unheal'd away !

HYMN 126. L. M.

Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words. MARK viii. 38.

A SHAM'D of JESUS ! Can it be ?
 A mortal man asham'd of thee !
 Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor !
 O may I scorn it more and more !

2 Asham'd of JESUS ! of that Friend
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend !
 No ! when I blush, be this my shame,
 That I no more revere his Name.

3 Asham'd of JESUS ! Yes, I may,
 When I've no sins to wash away ;
 No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
 And no immortal soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
 Till then, I'll boast a SAVIOUR slain :
 And, O may this my portion be,
 That SAVIOUR not asham'd of me !

HYMN 127. C. M.

Faith overcometh the world. 1 JOHN v. 4.

FAITH adds new joy to earthly bliss,
 And saves us from its snares ;
 Fresh aid in ev'ry duty brings,
 And softens all our cares.

- 2 Faith mortifies the love of sin,
 Kindles the sacred fire
 Of love to God and heav'nly things,
 And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 Faith draws aside the veil of heav'n,
 Where unknown glories reign ;
 And bids us seek our portion there ;
 Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 4 Faith holds to view the promise, seal'd
 With the Redeemer's blood ;
 And helps our feeble hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.
- 5 There, there unshaken may we rest,
 Till this vile body dies ;
 And then, on Faith's triumphant wings,
 To endless glory rise.

HYMN 128. L. M.

We walk by faith, and not by sight. 2 COR. v. 7.

- Y**ES, 'tis a rough and thorny road,
 That leads us to the saints' abode ;
 But when our Father's house we gain,
 'Twill make amends for all our pain.
- 2 And though we feel our present grief,
 In hope we find a sweet relief :
 For hope anticipates the day
 When all our griefs shall pass away.

- 3 And what is all we suffer now,
Or all we can endure below,
To that bright day when Christ shall come,
And take his weary pilgrims home ?
- 4 Then let us walk without complaint
The thorny road, and never faint :
Though now by weariness opprest,
The end is everlasting rest.
- 5 And when we gain the saints' abode,
We'll oft look back upon the road !
The recollection of the past,
Will sweeten the repose at last.

HYMN 129. SEVENS.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. HEB. xii. 6.

TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross ;
But the SAVIOUR'S power to know,
Sanctifying ev'ry loss.

- 2 Trials must and will befall ;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all :
This is happiness to me !
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away ?

- 4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;
 Bring me to my SAVIOUR's feet ;
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 130. C. M.

His ways are past finding out. ROM. xi. 33.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants His footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm !

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,
 He treasures up His great designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.

- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.

- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust Him for His grace ;
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flow'r.

- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His work in vain ;
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

HYMN 131. C. M.

He hath begotten us again to a lively hope. 1 PETER, i. 3.

HOW sweet to rest in lively hope,
 That when our change shall come,
 Angels shall hover round our beds,
 And bear our spirits home.

- 2 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
 Our sins on Jesus laid :
 Sweet to remember that his blood
 Our debt of suff'ring paid :—
- 3 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
 Whose love can never end ;
 Sweet on his covenant of grace
 For all things to depend :—
- 4 Sweet in the confidence of faith
 To trust his wise decrees ;
 Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
 And know no will but his.
- 5 If such the sweetness of the streams,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where, Lord, we ever shall receive
 Fulness of bliss from Thee ?

HYMN 132. C. M.

God is love. 1 JOHN iv. 8.

OUR God is love ; and all his saints
 His image bear below :
 The heart with love to God inspir'd
 With love to man will glow.

2 Teach us to love each other, Lord !
 As we are lov'd of thee ;
 For none who're truly born of God
 Can live in enmity.

3 Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
 Our hopes and fears the same ;
 With bonds of love our hearts unite,
 With mutual love inflame.

4 So may the vain contentious world
 See how true christians love ;
 And glorify our Saviour's grace,
 And seek that grace to prove.

HYMN 133. C. M.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. GAL. v. 22.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
 In nature's barren soil ;
 All we can boast till Christ we know
 Is vanity and toil.

- 2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
 And made his glories known ;
 There fruits of heav'nly joy and peace,
 Are found and there alone.
- 3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
 A scene of pard'ning love,
 A hope that triumphs over death,
 Give joys like those above.
- 4 To take a glimpse within the veil,
 To know that God is mine,
 Are springs of joy that never fail,
 Unspeakable, divine.
- 5 These are the joys which satisfy
 And sanctify the mind ;
 Which make the spirit mount on high
 And leave the world behind.

HYMN 134. L. M.

Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord HEB. xii. 14

HOW blest the state of saints above,
 Perfect in righteousness and love ;
 Where all is purity and peace,
 And holy joys, which never cease.

- 2 There reigns the Lord, whom we adore,
 Glorious in holiness and pow'r,
 Array'd in majesty so bright,
 No mortal eye can bear the sight,

- 3 Know, O my soul ! that blissful scene
 Can ne'er admit a mind unclean ;
 None but the holy shall appear,
 And see the Lord with comfort there.
- 4 We must have holy hearts and hands,
 And feet that go where he commands ;
 A holy will to keep his ways,
 And holy lips to keep his praise.
- 5 Then let our first, our chief pursuit
 Be holiness in all its fruit ;
 Oh ! seek it in the Saviour's grace,
 And thus prepare to see his face.

HYMN 135. C. M.

Cast thy Burden upon the Lord. PSALM lv. 22.

- D**EAR refuge of my weary soul,
 On Thee, when sorrows rise,
 On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
 My fainting hope relies.
- 2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal ;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief
 For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 3 [But ah ! when gloomy doubts prevail
 I fear to call Thee mine ;
 The springs of comfort seem to fail,
 And all my hopes decline.

- 4 Yet, gracious God, where can I flee ?
 Thou art my only trust ;
 And still my soul will cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the dust.]
- 5 Hast Thou not bid me seek thy face ?
 And shall I seek in vain ?
 And can the ear of sov'reign grace
 Be deaf when I complain ?
- 6 No : still the ear of sov'reign grace
 Attends the mourner's prayer ;
 O, may I ever find access
 To breathe my sorrows there !
- 7 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
 There let my soul retreat ;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

HYMN 136. L. M.

I will leave in thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord. ZEPH. iii. 12.

- “**P**OOOR and afflicted,” Lord, are thine
 Among the great they seldom shine;
 But he who saves them with his blood
 Makes ev'ry sorrow yield them good.
- 2 “Poor and afflicted,” ’tis their lot ;
 They know it, and they murmur not :
 ’Twould ill become them to refuse
 The state their master deign’d to choose.

- 3 "Poor and afflicted," yet they sing,
 For Jesus is their glorious King :
 "Through sufferings perfect" now he reigns
 And shares in all their griefs and pains.
- 4 "Poor and afflicted," but ere long
 They'll join the bright celestial throng :
 Their sufferings then will reach a close,
 And heav'n afford them sweet repose.
- 5 And, while they walk the thorny way,
 They're often heard to sigh and say,
 "Come, gracious Lord, oh ! quickly come,
 And take thy mourning pilgrims home."

HYMN 137. P. M.

(Rev. J. JACKSON, M. A.)

The God of all comfort. 2 COR. i. 3.

- C**OMFORT is found for ev'ry grief,—
 For ev'ry sore distress :
 A flowing fount of sweet relief,
 Each aching heart to bless :
 Hither, ye mourners press :
 Sin, only sin deplore,
 Then weep and sigh no more.
- 2 The gladness *faith in Jesus* gives,
 No earthly joys impart ;
 A gracious God and Saviour lives
 When Friends on earth depart ;
 A broken contrite heart,

That sin's worst mis'ry feels,
He succours, soothes, and heals.

- 3 Time passes on—Friends disappear,—
Health, comeliness, are fleet :
But then a tranquil ev'ning's near—
An undisturb'd retreat—
Till friends and kindred meet,
On that bright endless day,
When tears are wip'd away.

HYMN 138. C. M.

O, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt. MATT. xiv. 31

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no !

- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry "my strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of prayer ;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

- 5 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
 Decide this doubt for me ;
 And if it be not broken, break ;
 And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 139. S. M.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. 1 JOHN iii. 2.

- B**EHOLD, what wondrous grace
 The Father hath bestow'd
 On sinners of a mortal race,
 To call them sons of God.
- 2 Nor doth it yet appear
 How great we must be made,
 But when we see our Saviour here
 We shall be like our head.
- 3 A hope so much divine
 May trials well endure ;
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 4 Father, if in thy love
 I share a filial part,
 Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
 To rest upon my heart.
- 5 We would no longer lie
 Like slaves beneath thy throne,
 Our Faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
 And Thou the kindred own.

HYMN 140. C. M

The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world. GAL. vi. 14

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me ;
Once I admir'd its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford ;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart,
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to Thee,
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

ADVENT.

HYMN 141. P. M.

The Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free ;
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in Thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the saints Thou art ;
 Bless'd desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry faithful heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born their Saviour and their King ;
 Born to reign in us for ever ;
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own exalted spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone :
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 142. SEVENS.

Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy. LUKE II. 10

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King ;
 "Glory in the highest heav'n,
 "Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With th' angelic host proclaim
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.

4 Lo ! He lays his glory by,
 Born, that man no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth ;
 Born, to give them second birth.

5 Let us then with angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King ;
 "Glory in the highest heav'n,
 "Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n."

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 143. C. M.

And lo ! the star which they saw in the East went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was. MATT. ii. 9

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo ! a brighter clearer light
Now points to his abode ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To lead us to our God.

3 O ! haste to follow where it guides,
Its gracious call obey ;
Whate'er of good or ill betides
The christian's destin'd way.

4 O ! gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are giv'n ;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 144. C. M.

The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. 1 JOHN i. 7.

FROM Calvary's cross a fountain flows
Of water and of blood,
More healing than Bethesda's pool,
Or fam'd Siloam's flood.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may sinners, vile as he,
Wash all their guilt away.
- 3 Redeeming Lord ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power ;
Till the whole ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 4 May I by faith behold the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply ;
Then love divine shall be my theme,
From henceforth till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

JUDGMENT.

HYMN 145. S. M,

Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire. MATT. xxi. 41.

- A**ND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the guilty trembling throng
Spread black despair around.

- 3 "Depart from me, accurs'd,
 "To everlasting flame,
 "For rebel angels first prepar'd,
 "Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
 The terrors of that day ?
 When earth and heav'n, before his f
 Astonish'd, shrink away.
- 5 But ere the trumpet shakes
 The mansions of the dead ;
 Hark ! from the Gospel's gentle voi
 What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
 Fly to the shelter of the cross,
 And find salvation there.

SCHOOLS.

HYMN 146. L. M.

Freely ye have received ; freely give. MATT. x. 8.

- F**RRIENDS of the ignorant and poor,
 Enrich'd by God with ampler stor
 To you our anxious hopes we raise,
 O lead to God our infant days.
- 2 Mark all the snares which throng our co
 The inward sin that gives them force
 And ill examples oft in sight,
 To turn us from the path of right.

- 3 Afloat on life's uncertain tide,
Without the skill ourselves to guide,
By storms assail'd, by sorrows prest,
We ask instruction, mercy, rest.
- 4 'Tis yours to form our early years,
To cheer our lot, to calm our fears ;
'Tis yours to teach a Saviour's love,
And bring us comfort from above.
- 5 Oh ! by the record of his woes,
The only source whence mercy flows,
Impart to us the means of grace,
And bid us all his goodness trace.
- 6 So thou, dread Lord of high and low,
Shalt give us pow'r thyself to know ;
Our sins shalt hide, our dangers see,
And guide at last our souls to Thee.

HYMN 147. C. M.

That ye may be the children of your Father in Heaven. **MATT. v. 45**

- T**HY throne, O God ! in righteousness
For ever shall endure ;
We bow before it ; deign to bless
The children of the poor.
- 2 Thy wisdom fix'd our lowly birth,
Yet we thy goodness share ;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

- 3 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious God !
 Thy little flock behold ;
 And guide us by thy staff and rod,
 The children of thy fold.
- 4 We praise thy name that we are brought
 To this thy holy place ;
 That we are watch'd and warn'd and taught
 The children of thy grace.
- 5 O may our friends, thy servants here,
 Meet all our souls above ;
 And they and we in heav'n appear,
 The children of thy love.

CHARITY.

HYMN 148. C. M.

If God so loved us we ought also to love one another. 1 JOHN 4. 11

- F**ATHER of mercies ! send thy grace,
 All-pow'rful from above,
 To form in our obedient souls
 The image of thy love.
- 2 Oh ! may our sympathising breast
 That gen'rous pleasure know,
 Freely to share in others' joys,
 And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of grief
 In low distress are laid,

- Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus look'd on dying men,
Enthron'd above the skies ;
And when he saw their lost estate
Felt his compassion rise.
- 5 Since Christ, to save our guilty souls,
On wings of mercy flew,
We, whom the Saviour thus hath lov'd,
Should love each other too.

SOCIAL MEETINGS.

HYMN 149. L. M.

When two or three are met together in my name, then will I be
in the midst of them. MATT. xviii. 20.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord
Obedient to their Sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise.—

- 2 "There" says the Saviour "will I be,
"Amid this little company ;
"To them unveil my smiling face,
"And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word :
Now send thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heav'nly love.

Another. C. M.

WHERE two or three together meet,
To seek the Lord by prayer,
The Lord is in the midst of these,
And he will surely hear.

2 Shine, Lord, on ev'ry soul that comes
By prayer to seek thy face ;
Thou know'st our hope, our only hope,
Is grounded on thy grace.

3 Help us, O Lord ! to ask in faith ;
Take unbelief away ;
And for the blessings that we need
Give us a heart to pray.

THE SEASONS.

HYMN 150. L. M.

He gave us fruitful seasons. Acts xiv. 17.

GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
As time with rapid pinions flies,
May ev'ry season make us wise.

2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
And summer shed again its rays ;
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,
No blasting winds our path assail'd.

- 3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
And fill'd our fields with waving gold ;
Our tables spread, our garner stor'd,
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
The closing day of life and grace :
Time of decision ! awful hour !
Around it let no tempest low'r.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine !
Then shall our happy souls above
Reap the full harvest of thy love !
-

DISMISSAL HYMNS.

I. P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace!
O refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound!
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's giv'n
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heav'n,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

II. P. M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above.

- 2 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord,
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth can ne'er afford.

III. P. M.

ERE I sleep for ev'ry favour
 This day shew'd
 By my God,
 I do bless my Saviour.

- 2 Leave me not, but ever love me ;
 Let thy peace
 Be my bliss,
 Till thou hence remove me.

- 3 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
 Safely keep,
 While I sleep,
 Me, with all thy power.

- 4 And, whene'er in death I slumber,
 Let me rise,
 With the wise,
 Counted in their number.

IV. P. M.

THROUGH the day thy love has
 spar'd us ;
 Now we lay us down to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest ;
 Jesus, thou our guardian be ;
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
 On thine arm may we repose ;
 And, when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heav'n at last.

V. P. M.

God giveth the increase. 1 Cor. iii. 7.

ON what has now been sown,
 Thy blessing, Lord, bestow ;
 The power is thine alone
 To make it spring and grow :
 O Lord ! th' abundant harvest raise,
 And thou alone shalt have the praise.

DOXOLOGIES.

I. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
flow ;
Praise him all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

II. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore,
Be glory as through ages past,
Now, and for evermore.

III. S. M.

TO God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

IV. SEVENS.

PRAISE the name of God most High ;
Praise him all below the sky ;
Praise him all ye heav'nly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



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